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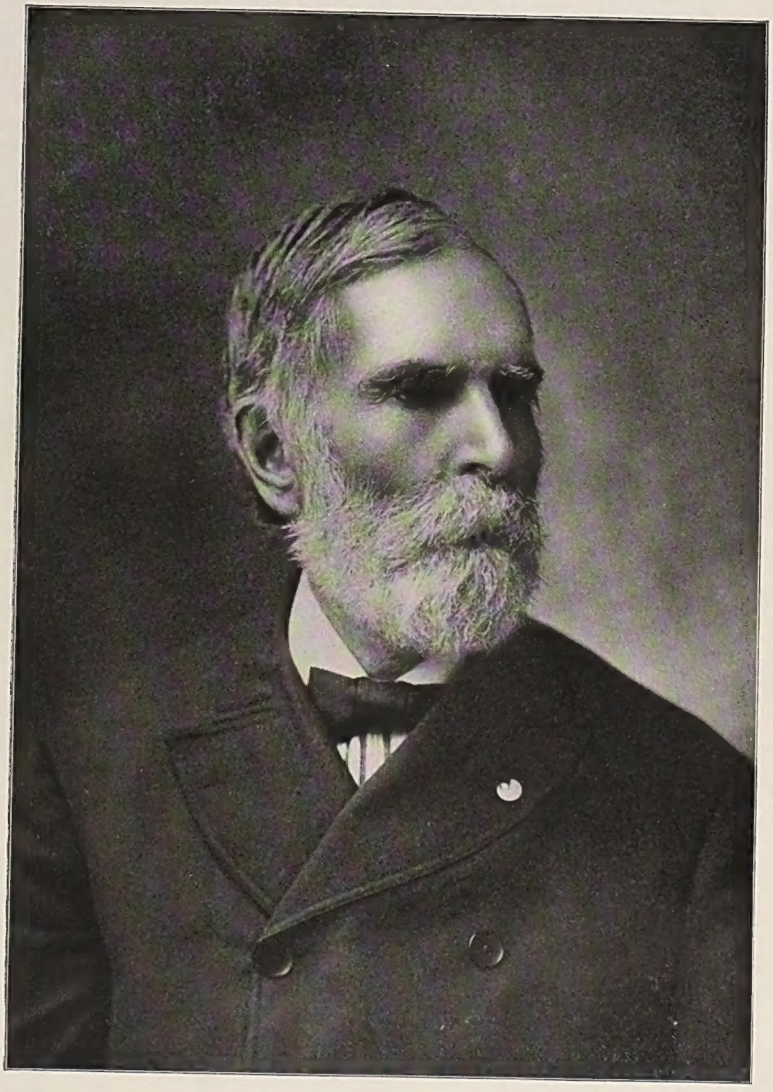

General SAMUEL W. PRICE.

Photographed from life.

FILSON CLUB PUBLICATIONS No. 17

THE OLD MASTERS OF THE BLUEGRASS

JOUETT, BUSH, GRIMES, FRAZER, MORGAN, HART

BY

GENERAL SAMUEL WOODSON PRICE
Member of The Filson Club

Illustrated

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
JOHN P. MORTON & COMPANY
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1902

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Preface

THE seventeenth publication of The Filson Club is a kind of miscellany, consisting of biographical sketches of six of Kentucky's most eminent artists. Five of the artists sketched are painters, and the sixth a sculptor. They are Matthew H. Jouett, Joseph H. Bush, John Grimes, Oliver Frazer, Louis Morgan, and Joel T. Hart.

General Samuel W. Price, the author of these sketches, is himself a distinguished artist, and it seems that if his book must have a preface, a biographical sketch of him would be the most appropriate thing in that line. If his book is to be taken as a presentation of Kentucky's most distinguished artists, it would not be complete without General Price, and therefore a biographical sketch of him will here be given as a preface, to round out his work and bring it that much nearer to completeness.

Samuel W. Price was born in Nicholasville, Kentucky, on the fifth of August, 1828. He was the fourth and last son of Daniel Branch Price and Eliza Crocket Price, a daughter of Colonel Joseph Crocket. His paternal

and maternal ancestors were distinguished for both military and civil service in this country, and long before they came to America the Prices looked back with pride for three or more centuries to their origin in Wales, while the Crockets were equally proud of tracing their descent from French gentlemen and ladies of the age of Louis XIV. Before the beginning of the eighteenth century both families had settled in America, where, on the battlefield and in the forum, on the farm and in the office, in public and in private life, different members have helped in the grand progress of their adopted country.

General Price was educated in the Nicholasville Academy until he was old enough and advanced enough to be sent to college. He then entered the Kentucky Military Institute, in 1846, at the age of eighteen. In a short time he was appointed professor of drawing, with the rank of lieutenant. As he had paid more attention to drawing in the Nicholasville Academy than he had to his lessons, so in the Military Institute he paid more attention to drawing than to his military exercises. This he continued until a public parade showed his deficiency in military evolutions. He then went to work and studied the military part of his education until he mastered it. The knowledge thus acquired was a great

benefit to him in the Civil War when he was commanding troops upon the battlefield.

While he was in the Nicholasville Academy and in the Kentucky Military Institute he was thinking of something not in the text-books and that was not taught by the teachers or the professors. His mind was interested in transferring the forms and faces of human beings to paper or to any smooth surface he could command. He could think of this kind of work and never weary of doing it, and he was so constituted that he could not help thinking about it and wanting to do it. He was like a delicate colorist in a sign-painter's shop, or a sculptor in a stone-mason's yard. What he needed was a school of design, but he did not know it himself, and neither was it known to his father, who sent him to these schools. The same mistake is made in a majority of our children. If we but knew what they are fitted for, and would then direct their education to developing their natural faculties instead of trying to create new ones, our education of them would be far more advantageous. The misfortune is that we do not learn what our children are really fitted for until they grow up and develop their natural endowments.

At a very early age General Price showed a remarkable talent for drawing. His first efforts were in drawing

the capital letters while he was learning the alphabet. During his first school days he spent his Saturdays and other holidays in sketching various things that attracted his attention. Not only would he thus be employed when out of school, but during school hours instead of working sums he would be sketching the faces of his companions, very much to the annoyance of the teacher. On one occasion he sketched one of his companions fast asleep on all fours, and his teacher seeing him thus employed slipped up behind him to give him a whipping, but before the switch came down he cast his eye on the sketch and laughed at it instead of punishing the draftsman. At the age of ten he was in the courthouse at Nicholasville to hear the Honorable Thomas F. Marshall speak in an important trial. A prominent farmer was there for the same purpose, and presented such a comical appearance that the youthful artist was asked by the sheriff to sketch him. He did so, and handed the sketch to the sheriff, who as soon as he saw it burst out in a big laugh. The sheriff then handed it to the judge, who laughed heartily and handed it to a member of the bar, who passed it around. All laughed heartily, and finally one of them showed it to the old farmer who had been sketched. He looked at it for a moment and exclaimed, "Why, that's me!"

The reputation of the boy artist was now well established, and he was employed by different members of the bar who had seen his sketch of the old farmer to make sketches of them. He had not yet, however, gotten beyond the pencil and charcoal in making his sketches, and of course only used black and white. Good luck, however, soon came to him. When he had reached his fourteenth year an itinerant artist came along and was found dead on the roadside near Nicholasville. No one knew who he was nor whence he came. He left a lot of paints and brushes, and they were sold at auction. A friend of the boy artist bought the lot for him. He was now prepared to give his lead pencil and charcoal a rest and to paint in colors. He was tendered a room in the Nicholasville Hotel for a studio, and began work like a real artist.

His first effort in oil was a flag ordered by the ladies of Nicholasville, to be presented to Captain Harvey's company just returned from the Mexican War. The design was an eagle hovering over a lone star. The eagle being on the United States' flag and the lone star on that of Texas, the design might be easily interpreted to mean that if the eagle got the star the United States would get Texas. Both the design and the execution of the work were much admired, and the

young artist was justly proud of his first attempt in oil. He had now taken the first step toward portraiture, and all he had to do was to study and learn the value of colors as well as the art of putting them on canvas. As he was lucky in securing a lot of paints when least expected, so he was again lucky in finding an artist who taught him the color value of the different pigments and the art of combining them so as to produce the desired effect. This was William Reading, of Louisville, who had come to Nicholasville to paint some portraits.

In 1847, when he was nineteen years of age, he began the study of art in earnest under Oliver Frazer, at Lexington, Kentucky. Mr. Frazer accepted him as a pupil only after carefully examining his present work in drawing. After satisfying himself that there was, as he expressed it, "something in the young man," he took him into his studio. Young Price rented an office near his preceptor and began to take lessons in portraiture.

His first effort in color was the portrait of Major Harvey, an old gentleman who sat for him after being solicited so to do. When the portrait was finished it was satisfactory to the subject and to his preceptor. When this portrait was seen by Mr. George Jouett he

"KING SOLOMON."

Painted by General Samuel W. Price.

advised young Price to try his skill on a man in Lexington known as "King Solomon." No person in Lexington was better known than this old man. He had led a life of drunkenness and idleness and worthlessness until everybody knew him. All at once, however, when the cholera of 1833 broke out in Lexington and every one who could get out of town went, and those who were left were either dying or burying the dead, "King Solomon" seemed at once to be transformed from absolute worthlessness into supreme usefulness. He laid out the dead, dug their graves, and buried them when there was no one else to perform these services. He became a hero at once, and the thousand tongues that had been wont to pronounce his name with scorn now sounded his praise in unmeasured tones.

"King Solomon" was averse to having his portrait painted, but, on being urged, consented on condition that he was to have plenty of grog and cigars while sitting. The portrait was finished and pronounced well done by his preceptor and by his fellow-artists, Bush and Morgan. So soon as it was known in Lexington that Price had painted "King Solomon's" picture numerous persons called at the studio to see it. General Price had to place it in the office of the Phœnix Hotel,

In 1851 he went to Louisville and painted the portrait of A. L. Shotwell, a well-known citizen. It was a fine picture and greatly admired. It was so well received that he determined to open a studio in Louisville. After painting a number of pictures there he made visits to Nashville and Clarksville, Tennessee, to fill important orders. In 1856 he went to New York and painted a three-fourths portrait of Millard Fillmore for the Fillmore and Donaldson Club of Clarksville. In 1857 he went to Hopkinsville and painted a likeness of Colonel James S. Jackson. All of these paintings were eminently satisfactory and led to orders for many more.

In 1859 he returned to Lexington and resumed his painting there. Orders soon began to come for portraits, and among those he painted was a noble likeness of Chief Justice Robertson. While in the midst of his prosperity the Civil War came upon him, and he laid down his brush and took up his sword in behalf of the Union.

When the Civil War began General Price was Captain of a company of infantry in Lexington known as the "Old Infantry." He was instrumental in inducing most of the members of this company to enlist in the Federal cause. Doctor Ethelbert Dudley was authorized to form a regiment, of which General Price was to be Major.

He failed, however, to complete his regiment in time, and had to consolidate with another fractional regiment. In this consolidation a Major had to be provided from the other fractional regiment, and General Price lost the place. In a short time, however, Colonel Dudley died, and General Price was commissioned Colonel in his place. His regiment was the Twenty-first Kentucky Infantry, which did its share of service during the Civil War. General Price commanded it at Stone River, at Chickamauga, and at all other points where it had fighting or skirmishing or any thing else to do, until he received what was deemed a mortal wound in the Battle of Kennesaw Mountain, in 1864. A minnie-ball struck him in the breast, just above the heart, and penetrated the cavity, and although he recovered after being long disabled, it unfitted him for further duty in the field.

While in the army he could not paint pictures, and the three years from 1861 to 1864 were a blank upon his canvas. Neither could he use the brush while he was Post Commandant at Lexington parts of the years 1864 and 1865. He was Postmaster at Lexington from 1869 to 1876, and during his leisure moments in this office he resumed his brush. Here he adopted a style of painting which differed from what he had been doing

before. He undertook what is known as figure composition. A series of paintings came from his brush which showed that he was at home in figure composition, as he had been in portraiture. The following are well-known examples of his work in this line: "Caught Napping," "Not Worth Mending," "Gone Up," "Left in the Lurch," "Civil Rights," and "Night After Chickamauga." "Caught Napping" and "Gone Up" were awarded a medal at the Cincinnati Exposition, where his "King Solomon" and "General Thomas" were also honored.

His portrait of General Thomas, which is one of the greatest of his works, was painted from life, and represents the old hero in his tent at night after the Battle of Chickamauga. It is a grand picture, and almost speaks out what the General was thinking about in that dark hour. His portraits of Generals Rosecrans and Sherman were painted from one sitting of each of the subjects. General Sherman much regretted not being able to give him more time, and so wrote to General Price.

In 1878 General Price moved to Louisville, where he now resides, and opened a studio with the intention of devoting his time to portraiture. The first portrait he painted was that of General Eli H. Murray, a fine subject, and of whom a fine likeness was made. It was

exhibited in the National Academy of Design, in New York, where it was pronounced one of the best pictures in that celebrated collection of the gems of art.

He painted a number of other portraits in Louisville, and always gave satisfaction. But his success was destined to be cut short by an unexpected affliction. In the Battle of Kennesaw Mountain he had received a wound which was then supposed to be mortal. But he seemingly recovered from it, with the loss only of some strength and physical endurance. The minnie-ball, which had penetrated the cavity of his breast and taken a part of his clothing with it, did some secret work within which was to develop serious disaster in the future. Now, after he thought he was comparatively well, he began to notice a dimness of his eyes not caused by age, and which no kind of glasses would remedy. The impediment of sight increased until one day, when he was painting the portrait of Mrs. Bamberger, his fading vision was blotted out forever. The bright colors on his canvas were no longer visible, and his brush and easel were useless instruments. He was carried to his home to sit in endless darkness, while forms of beauty moved unseen before him. But he uttered no complaints, and bore his heavy affliction with the fortitude of a Christian and a soldier.

The six biographic sketches which make up the book now under consideration were dictated by him, and the authorities used read to him without his seeing a word of either. When the sketches were finished they were read to The Filson Club either by his daughter or by another member of the Club, and they here appear in this book as thus begun and completed. In thus groping his way through eternal darkness to rescue his fellow-artists from oblivion, the blind soldier-artist emphasized his right to a place among the rescued, and there seems to be no more fitting way to put him in this well-deserved position than to insert a biographical sketch of him in the preface to his work.

R. T. Durrett,
President of The Filson Club.

MATTHEW HARRIS JOUETT

Introduction

As Fine Art is the capstone to civilization, it is strange that the demand for portraiture, by the early settlers of Central Kentucky, should have been manifest before the pioneer's ax had made much of an impression on the dense forest, or the block-house had ceased to be a refuge from the merciless tomahawk of the red man, and while the bear, panther, and wild-cat still sought refuge from the unerring bullet of the pioneer in the dismal forest.

The desire of the pioneers to be reproduced on a flat surface, whether from vanity or not, was natural then as now, and for its gratification they would then as now make personal sacrifices. As Daguerre's wonderful invention of a sun picture was reserved for future generations, they had to depend upon the skill of the brush, though crude and inartistic. It was not until the genius of Jouett, Bush, and Grimes was recognized by the early inhabitants of Lexington that they were made to realize that a portrait, to be "a thing of

beauty and a joy forever," must not only have resemblance but artistic execution.

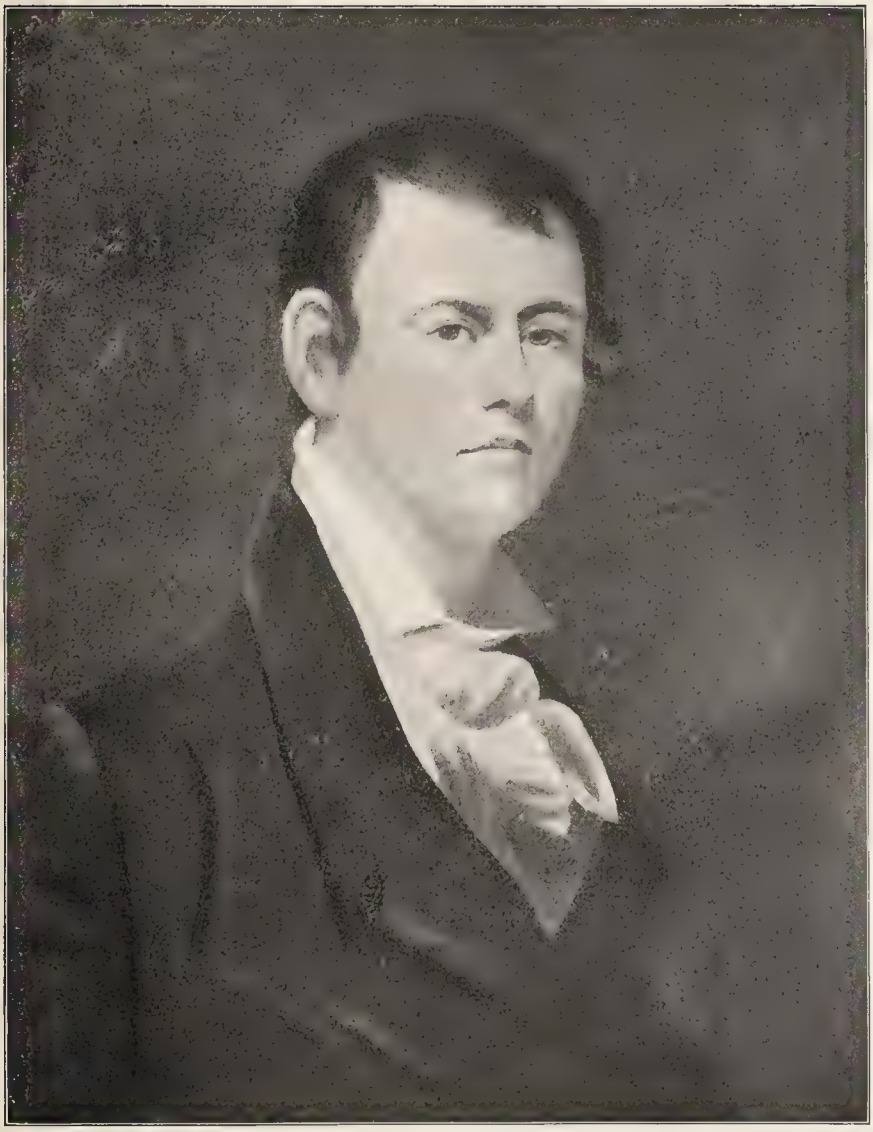
William West, who came to Lexington in 1788, was the first painter who ever settled in the vast region "this side the mountains." He was the son of the Rector of Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore, and had studied under the celebrated Benjamin West in London. He was of a talented family. His brother, Edward West, who had preceded him to Lexington three years before, was the wonderful mechanical genius who invented the steamboat in that city in 1793, and his son, William E. West, is now remembered for the portrait he painted of Lord Byron at Leghorn. William painted but few pictures, and they were only of moderate merit. He is best known as the first painter who came to the West. He died in New York.

Asa Park, a Virginian, was the second painter who located in Lexington. He was an intimate friend of William West, in whose family he lived greatly beloved for years. He died in the year 1827, and was buried by the West family in their lot near the corner of Hill and Mill streets, opposite the present Letcher property.

Though Mr. Park attempted portraits, his best productions were fruit and flower pieces. His pictures,

like West's, owe their value mainly to the fact of his having been one of the pioneer painters of Lexington. One of the very few of Park's productions is in the possession of Mrs. Ranck. It is an oil portrait of her grandfather, Lewis Ellis.

Mr. Beck, erroneously mentioned in Dunlap's Arts of Design as the first painter who penetrated beyond the Alleghanies, came to Lexington about the year 1800. He belonged at one time to a company of scouts under General Anthony Wayne. He and his wife conducted a female seminary in Lexington for many years in which painting was a prominent feature. Mr. and Mrs. Beck were both artists of some ability, and painted many pictures, principally landscapes. W. Mantelle, S. D. McCullough, John Tilford, Mrs. Thomas Clay, and many others own portraits by Beck. Mr. Beck died in 1814. His wife survived until 1833.



MATTHEW HARRIS JOUETT.

From a portrait painted by himself.

Matthew Harris Jouett[1]

THE average reader cares but little for genealogy, the immediate interest being centered on the subject of the sketch rather than on his ancestry. This article will therefore say but little of the lineage of the Jouett family. Owing to the meager data possessed, a connected chain is impossible, but sufficient will be given at least to satisfy the high-churchman that a few missing links do not destroy the claim to succession.

The late Bishop Ottey, of Tennessee, in a discussion with a lay Presbyterian as to apostolic succession, said: "In tracing a flock of sheep it is not necessary, in the course of their wanderings, to find fragments of wool on each twig to prove they have been through the wood." While the non-churchman was impressed with the force of this metaphor, he would not acknowledge to the Bishop that he had completely pulled the wool over his eyes!

[1] Read before The Filson Club, May 1, 1899.

The Jouetts were an old Norman family in Touraine (the garden of France), and there is now to be found a town in that vicinity which is called "Saint Bois de Jouhet."

In 1632 Leolon de Jouhet, having married a lady of Marseilles, went to live near that city. Some years later his descendants made their way back to Touraine and Paris, and filled important offices at the Court. In 1667 we find a Matthew de Jouhet was the first Master of the Horse.

On account of their having become Huguenots it was impossible for them to remain in France. They therefore fled to America, thus losing all their property which they could not carry with them.

The vindictive hatred and bigotry of the Jesuits hunted and persecuted the Huguenots even to the shores of America and Canada, and those of prominence of position in their native France were obliged to disguise themselves in poverty and insignificance in order to elude the observation and recognition of the emissary of the King and his baleful advisers, the Jesuits. For this reason the de Jouhets dropped the "de" and became plain Jouhets.

To be a Huguenot is a title in itself of nobility, and the French nobility were the most refined and best

educated of the nobility of Europe; but the Jouhets, it seems, were the highest among these. Their coat-of-arms has been in the American branch of the family for over two hundred years, and it tells its own story. Three golden fleurs de lis speak of the alliance with the blood royal of France. The bent cimeter granted for distinguished service on the field of battle, and the currycombs symbolical of the office of the Grand Master of the Horse, an office which could only be held by those allied by blood to the Royal House of France, show that they were at the head of all the nobility.

To bring the Jouett family down to the time of the subject of this sketch, the writer copies from Captain Alfred Pirtle's very able paper read before The Filson Club on Rear Admiral James E. Jouett:

Daniel Jouet, a Huguenot, landed at Rhode Island, in the autumn of 1686, with fifty other immigrants. Owing to some difficulty about the title to the lands, the colony broke up, dispersing to other parts, Daniel Jouet removing to New York, thence to South Carolina, and about 1704 returning to New York, but finally settling in New Jersey.

Daniel Jouet, a native of the Island of Re, on the west coast of France, had seven children: Daniel, Peter,

Marie (born in England), Ezekiel, John, Elizabeth, and Anne. The Jouets of Virginia may come from this family, but the records have not yet been traced.

How the second "t" came into use is still unknown.

The name borne by the subject of this sketch is mentioned in an old volume of records of Hanover County, Virginia, which escaped burning when the court-house was burned in Richmond.

The county including Louisa was taken off New Kent about 1716. The record book began January 4, 1734, and on page 10 is a copy of a bond given by Robert Jennings, January 3, 1733, that "he will well conduct an ordinary, or tavern," and one of his bondsmen was Matthew Jouet. This is as far back as the name can be traced in Virginia.

This Matthew Jouet was the ancestor of the direct founder of the family in Kentucky, as it is well known.

The Marquis de La Fayette and Lord Cornwallis are names better remembered by Americans than those of any other foreigners connected with the American Revolution. In the spring of 1781 Lord Cornwallis (the Virginia Legislature then being at Charlottesville) had driven the Marquis de La Fayette and his little band of brave soldiers from the low lands of the James River towards the higher country.

About the tenth of June Cornwallis sent a party of light troop under the command of the noted Lieutenant Colonel Tarlton, composed of about two hundred and fifty men, to surprise and capture Charlottesville and the Governor and the legislature.

Captain John Jouett, directly descended from the Matthew Jouet before mentioned, on a fleet horse galloped from his home on North East Creek, six miles east of Louisa Court-house, to Charlottesville and informed Governor Thomas Jefferson and the legislature of the coming enemy; but so close were they in pursuit that seven members were captured, and the Governor had a very narrow escape.

Scarcely had the war ended and Captain Jouett sheathed his sword and donned the citizen's dress in place of the soiled and threadbare clothes of the colonial uniform, when he received from the General Assembly of Virginia a three-hundred-dollar sword and a pair of silver spurs in recognition of his gallant and valuable services. The people, too, manifested their appreciation and gratitude by electing him a member of the Virginia Legislature, and he served two terms after his removal to the county of Kentucky.

Intellectual without dogmatism, intelligent without pedantry, courageous without braggadocio, honest with-

out pretense, and aggressive without officiousness, were qualities which made him a leader in the legislature, as he had been when a soldier in the bloody strife.

During his third term he warmly advocated the measure of authorizing the district of Kentucky (then part of Virginia's domain) to petition Congress for admission as a State into the Union, and to him more than to any other member was due its success.

About the year 1782 Captain Jouett emigrated to Mercer County, Kentucky, where he purchased several thousand acres of land not far from Harrodsburg, calling it "Old Indian Fields."

In August, 1784, he married Miss Sallie Robards, a resident of Mercer County. As the result of this union seven sons were born. Matthew Harris Jouett, the subject of this sketch, was the second son. The family record places his birth April 22, 1787.

"Matt" (familiarly and affectionately called by his brothers) exhibited at an early age a passion for drawing, and before he could count one hundred or repeat the Lord's Prayer he could sketch and was the astonishment of the household on account of his dexterity with the lead pencil and the striking likenesses he could produce.

Mrs. R. J. Menefee, of Louisville, Kentucky, has a specimen of his early work. It is of an Indian chief

and a companion. It is treated in Indian ink put on with a brush he had improvised from a turkey feather.

If this gift was of inheritance, it must have been from the long line of French noblemen. Sure it was not from his parents, whose hard and busy lives in a new and struggling country had found no time for the cultivation of the fine arts. The walls of their primitive house were not adorned with paintings or engravings, and pictures in the books they possessed were crude and inartistic, and, therefore, could not have been inspiring to the young genius.

Nature, consequently, was his only inspiration and instructor, and so great was the impetus of his genius that the productions of his pencil and brush would have done credit to older art students who had the advantages of instruction.

Matthew was bright, amiable, and affectionate, and a great favorite with his brothers. His occupation with his pencil did not prevent him at times engaging in boyish sports. When of sufficient age to do service for his father on the farm, he assisted his older brothers in their work with that faithfulness that characterized his pursuits in after years. The average farmer boy finds his work irksome, and is interested only to the extent of the play he may derive therefrom.

Not so with Matthew, for when directing the horses on the threshing floor he did not consider only the circus he was riding for the fun of the thing, but also interested himself in the result of separating the wheat from the straw. In hay-making it was not the pleasure only considered when he hauled the shock of hay to the place of stacking by means of a rope attached to the animal on which he was mounted.

Matthew and his brothers had no advantages of school for learning even the simple rudiments, and what they obtained was from their parents. There was no school at a convenient distance, and Captain Jouett felt that he could not afford to send his sons abroad to acquire the academic education which he so much desired for each of them. He therefore one day called them together and said: "Well, now, fellows, I'm going to make a gentleman of one of your crowd. Who shall it be?" (Meaning that he could afford to give but one a collegiate course.) Divining what their father wished, they with one accord said it should be Matthew. The decision thus made was evidently very satisfactory to the father, not expressed in words but by a smile of approbation.

Being a just father, just as well as generous, he was unwilling to show any partiality, and was therefore

gratified at the wise decision of his sons, while Matthew was greatly flattered that he should be the chosen one.

As the time approached for Matthew to leave home, the thought of separation from the dear ones was to him exceedingly sad, especially to part with his first teacher who had taught him his A B C's as he knelt at her side while engaged in knitting, or standing near her to spell from the primer in the hearing of his mother while she, plying at the spinning-wheel, would use the distaff to emphasize her correction in his pronunciation.

He was now seventeen years of age (1804) when he, accompanied by his father, left for Transylvania University. They made the journey of about thirty-four miles on horseback.

Ambitious of an education as well as not to disappoint his father's high expectations (for he wanted him to be a lawyer and politician), he applied himself at once with great assiduity, and having entered the freshman class, at the end of four years graduated with honor.

The passion for the pencil was not lessened by his attention to his studies, but was only held in abeyance, as he made it his recreation and delight of his holidays.

Returning home after graduation, he was ready after a few weeks to again return to study, and as his father

so much desired him to be a lawyer he began the study of law under Judge George M. Bibb, Chief Justice of the Appellate Court of Kentucky, then, as now, located at Frankfort.

After a little more than a year of instruction he began the practice of law at Lexington, Kentucky.

It was entirely in deference to the wishes of his father that he took up law. The pursuit of art for art's sake was his most ardent desire.

Even while he was pursuing his law studies he could not resist his passion for art, and many leisure hours were spent in miniature work on ivory. The capital was loud in praise over this work.

He especially delighted in the painting of the female face, and his pictures of them were most beautiful. The only compensation he asked was frequent and protracted sittings.

Of his female acquaintances at this time which he took most delight in painting were the Misses Thornton, of Fredericksburg, Virginia. They had the type of beauty he most admired, and he also enjoyed their society, for they were both intellectual and bright.

These young ladies were so much pleased with their miniatures that when on a visit a short time afterwards to Philadelphia they exhibited them to Mr. Brown, a

miniature painter of some repute, informing him that they were executed by an untutored backwoodsman. This he could hardly credit, and it was not surprising to the young ladies that he should be dubious, as in their judgment it surpassed any work they had seen of his. (Earl, of Philadelphia, a miniature painter of celebrity, was often credited as being the author of the miniatures above mentioned.)

In 1812 Matthew was married to Miss Margaret Allen, of Fayette County, Kentucky. He met her for the first time under very peculiar and I might say romantic circumstances. It was his custom while attending the University to take a horseback ride late in the afternoon when the weather was favorable. One beautiful spring afternoon when riding on the Georgetown road he took the liberty of riding into the woodland pasture belonging to Mr. William Allen, a prominent and wealthy farmer. Before he had gone far he saw a young girl a few yards ahead of him riding on a spirited Indian pony bareback and sidewise. Although crossing the path a few yards ahead of the young Transylvanian, he was not discovered by the fair rider, so intent was she upon her mission in search of turkey nests. The speed of the animal had caused her sunbonnet to drop to her shoulders, revealing her beautiful features and rich bru-

nette complexion, supplemented by a wealth of long brown hair which streamed in the breeze. This was a picture which would inspire a poet or an artist, therefore it was not strange that Jouett was transfixed with admiration, and it is needless to say that the impression on the retina was transferred to the heart. In a word, he fell in love at first sight. He determined to make her acquaintance, and it was not long before an opportunity offered.

Not long after the nuptials the newly-married couple set out on horseback for Mercer County to spend part of their honeymoon with the groom's family. It was soon discovered that the bride was not only expert as an equestrienne, but in other out-of-door sports. In a foot-race she was superior to any of her husband's brothers, and at target-shooting she was equally expert, and oftener hit the bull's-eye than any of them. Her brothers-in-law heartily applauded her success and were delighted to have her in their games, but it did not meet the approval of the old Captain, and he gently lectured his daughter-in-law on what he considered unbecoming in one of her sex and maturity to thus engage in boyish sports.

In the same year that Jouett was married war with England was declared, and he, not being able to resist

the martial spirit inherited from many generations, was among the first to offer his services to the Government, enlisting in Captain Robert Crockett's Company, Third Mounted Regiment, Kentucky Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Allen. Soon after his enrollment in Captain Crockett's Company he was appointed by President Madison Paymaster, with rank of First Lieutenant, Twenty-eighth United States Infantry, to rank from May 20, 1813; was promoted to be Captain, same regiment, July 13, 1814, and resigned January 20, 1815.

The Twenty-eighth Infantry was organized under the act of January 29, 1813, and after the reduction of the army in May, 1815, following the war, was consolidated with several other regiments to form the Third. T. D. Owings was Colonel of the regiment from March 11, 1813, to the time of the consolidation in May, 1815. This promotion, of course, was greatly appreciated by Jouett, as it was a recognition of his capacity and integrity.

Controlled by patriotism, he was willing to make any sacrifice for his country, but a misfortune overtook him that he least expected. In the confusion of the Battle of the River Raisin the strong-box that contained his pay-rolls and other valuable papers, together with the Government money to the amount of six thousand dollars, was captured or destroyed.

Although this misfortune was not due to any neglect of his, he was prompted by that honesty which was one of his strongest characteristics to make good the loss, and on his return home he diligently applied his brush in order to reimburse his sureties. It was several years, however, before he could make enough to replace the amount lost. He was too proud to ask relief from Congress.

The consuming desire to abandon all else and devote his entire time, thought, and energy to the pursuit of art at last became so intense that he could resist it no longer; so he determined, although against the advice of his friends, to give up law (at which he had made a beginning) and to take up painting as a profession.

His friends believed that he would succeed at the bar, and thereby obtain a better livelihood. It was further argued that Audubon, who at that time resided in Louisville, Kentucky, was scarcely able by his gifted brush to obtain a competency. The money argument he conceded, but to the prominence law would give him over the reputation he could acquire by the brush he could not consent; besides, the dry detail of law was very irksome to one of esthetical taste.

His abandonment of law so irritated his father that he said to a friend: "I sent Matthew to college to

make a gentleman of him, and he has turned out to be nothing but a d—d sign painter!"

To class the profession of the artist with that of the trade of the sign painter is not strange, nor is it strange that Captain Jouett should have been disappointed and chagrined at the changed purpose of his son. The environments of the pioneer, living as he was in the hunting-ground of the Indian, rendered him incapable of appreciating the difference between the artist and the mechanic. Even Virginia, where he had received his early training, was hardly more advanced than Kentucky at that day in the cultivation of the fine arts.

The refining influence of civilization and the march of progress are necessary to a general love of art. Therefore, we find that the painters of distinction that we had in this country at that time (West, Trumbull, and Gilbert Stuart) lived in the older cities in the East, Boston and Philadelphia. If Captain Jouett had felt differently it would have been as wonderful as the genius of his son, who had been endowed by nature.

To effectually curb development in the fine arts of one who possesses an innate passion therefor is as impossible as to change the course of the Niagara River or suddenly check its momentum at the very verge of its leap. The would-be artist felt satisfied that in a

short time he would be able to convince his father that by choosing this profession he would not lose the respect of his friends or injure his social position. The education he received at Transylvania was not wasted, for it not only assisted him in the study of nature but in an intelligent performance of his work.

As his reputation as a painter was already established, he had no misgiving as to being able to obtain a sufficient livelihood for himself and family, even better than the practice of law could afford at the outset. At first he only received twenty-five dollars for his life-sized portraits, but, being very rapid in his execution, could paint three in one week, thus making a comfortable living. At that time large incomes were not as necessary as now, for it will be remembered that the purchasing power of a dollar was greater than at the present day.

Jouett, never having had any artist associates, was very desirous of meeting some of those living in the East, and to learn something of their methods and experience. He, therefore, early in June, 1817, started for Philadelphia on horseback. It was a long and weary journey, taking five weeks to accomplish. Arriving at the Quaker City, he made no delay in visiting the studios of several of the artists. He was disappointed in not

finding the one he most wanted to see, Benjamin West, he having embarked for England a few weeks before he arrived. In a few days he continued his journey on horseback to Boston to make the acquaintance of Gilbert Stuart. So delighted was the backwoodsman artist with Mr. Stuart that he requested the favor of becoming his pupil. The great master in turn was much pleased with the address and bearing of the applicant, and at once granted the request, and further showed his kind feeling by inviting him to occupy his studio with him.

A pleasant and cordial relation was at once established between master and pupil. The master always addressed his pupil as "Kentucky." On one occasion, observing he was in trouble over a head he was engaged upon, he asked: "Kentucky, what is your trouble?" When informed it was the expression of the eyes he could not get, Stuart, with one stroke of the brush, produced the desired effect. His preceptor made a study of his pupil for a portrait, and when his picture was done presented it to him. As he could not carry it on his horse without injury, he left it with a business firm in Boston to be sent to him at the earliest opportunity, and when transportation was established the picture could not be found, although diligent search had been made.

It was Jouett's ambition to visit England for the purpose of studying under the best painters of that country, but Mr. Stuart disapproved of such a trip, giving as his opinion that art had greatly deteriorated in London, and at that time was at a standstill. Sir Joshua Reynolds was profound in the theory of art, and a most admirable portrait painter. His immediate successor, Sir Thomas Lawrence, was not his equal. His contemporary, Hogarth, was the prince of characteristics. Gainsborough and Wilson, of the same period, were landscape painters of no common ability. To Sir David Wilkie, as a painter of humble life, great honor is due, but in the higher walks of historic painting they can not boast of a name that ranks so high in critical estimation as that of our Washington Allston. Nor did Reynolds himself produce paintings that in essential excellence as individual portraits surpass those of Gilbert Stuart.

Remaining as pupil to Stuart during the summer, Jouett in the fall returned to Lexington, Kentucky, where he opened a studio, and at once had numerous orders, although he had doubled his price on portraits. The comparative idleness of his brush during the long winter season incident to the climate of Kentucky determined him to try his fortune in the South. He established himself in New Orleans, and in a short

time exceeded his fondest expectations, and before midwinter had received numerous commissions at an advanced price. His reputation extending to the other Southern cities on the Mississippi, he had more work than he could perform in one season, so he had to return successive seasons to fill his engagements, and those annual visitations were kept up almost to the year of his death.

On the occasion of the reception of General La Fayette by the patriotic citizens of Lexington in the year 1824, no one was more enthusiastic or more delighted to pay honor to the French soldier who aided the Americans in obtaining their independence than the soldier artist. He was complimented by being chosen assistant marshal on the occasion of the parade. Mrs. Jouett and her little ten-year-old daughter (the late Mrs. S. B. Menefee) stood in front of the family residence to see the procession as it passed up Main Street. When the carriage containing the French veteran was opposite them Sarah Jouett, with a little companion, approached the carriage and handed a small basket of fruit to La Fayette, who, upon receiving it, said: "God bless you, little children."

The distinguished foreign visitor being invited to Frankfort to spend a few days with one of its patriotic

citizens, Jouett accompanied him to obtain sittings for a full-length portrait. La Fayette kindly gave the sittings, and was much interested in the development of the sketch, which was completed before he left Kentucky.

From this study, which was less than the size of life, Jouett executed the life-size, full-length portrait which now hangs on the walls of the State House, it having been purchased by the State.

While it possesses great merit as a painting, both in likeness and execution, art critics who have seen both the study and the larger painting regard it as not as good as the former. The smaller picture is now in possession of a citizen of Richmond, Kentucky, having been presented to a relative by the artist.

The writer has seen but one of the two paintings named (the one in the State House), so can not compare them, but is disposed to agree with the critics; for it is a well-known fact that the best painters rarely succeed in making a copy equal to the original unless the first work is defective. In copying the work becomes mechanical, the first inspiration is gone, and it becomes almost impossible to throw the same life and action into the reproduction.

Considering the short time Jouett spent on this picture, it is a marvelous success. It usually takes an

industrious painter a month or more to finish a life-sized, full-length portrait. The action, pose, and anatomy of this portrait are masterly, and the modeling true to life. The State should be congratulated in the possession of such a work of art, and should value it as one of its greatest treasures, as coming from the brush of one of its most gifted sons.

It would do credit to the National Capitol, and would excel in merit much that now hangs upon its walls, for Congress has not always been fortunate in selecting paintings of intrinsic value.

The average Congressman has little knowledge of true works of art, and regards them as a commercial commodity. Consequently, when a measure is before Congress for the purchase of a picture, he is more influenced by the lobbyist than by the merit of the painting. Only a few years ago an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars passed the Senate for the purchase of a full-length portrait of one of the distinguished generals of the Civil War, painted by a Washington artist, but it failed to pass the House because of a united remonstrance from Philadelphia artists, who protested that it would reflect discredit upon the Government if it were seen on the wall of the Capitol.

Between General La Fayette and Jouett, during the long sittings for this portrait, there arose a mutual understanding and sympathy. They were both veterans, one of the Revolution and the other of the War of 1812, so when the time for separation came the good-bye was as hard to say as if their social relations had existed for years, and to this magnetism is due much of the success of this great picture.

The old and trite saying that "blood will tell" is strikingly illustrated in the character of the subject of this sketch. A portrait of him, painted by his own brush, is among the collection owned by Mrs. R. J. Menefee, of this city, and depicts a noble visage. His features were of Irish cast, with a placid but firm expression, his eyes were gray-blue, and he had dark brown hair and ruddy complexion.

In stature he was tall and spare, but symmetrically proportioned, which, aided by his military training, gave him a fine presence. He at once impressed the stranger as being of aristocratic descent. The stranger, on further acquaintance, would be confirmed in his first impression, for the qualities of his mind were beyond the ordinary. His brilliant conversational powers, his sparkling wit and quick repartee made him attractive to every one, especially to the refined and intelligent.

He had strong religious convictions. He always strictly observed the Sabbath day, and there is to be found in his manuscripts an approval of Johnson's condemnation of Sir Joshua Reynolds' habit of painting on Sunday.

His large storehouse of information was never allowed to be depleted, but being a great reader it was constantly added to. He was especially fond of poetry. He was very versatile; besides being master of the brush, he was a graceful and ready writer, and also performed skillfully upon two musical instruments, the violin and the flute.

The adage, "Jack of all trades, good at none," was not applicable to him, for his determination to become a painter, a great portrait painter, he ever kept in view. His attainments in literature and in music show that if he had given the same attention to either of them, or made them the goal of his ambition, he would have been equally successful.

When seated before his canvas he threw into it all of his energy, and was restive under any interruption. His studio was not for loiterers, and he was not slow in letting such visitors know that their room was better than their company. On one occasion his patience was very much tried by long and repeated visits from one

of this character. In order to get rid of him he one day said to him: "Young man, can you see right well?" "Yes, sir; no one in this town can see better than I can." Pointing with his mahlstick to the entrance, the painter then asked: "Can you see that door?" The hint was not as broad as a church door nor as deep as a well, but it sufficed, and he stood not on the order of his going, but went quickly, slamming the door after him. To Jouett's satisfaction he never came back again.

When not occupied at his easel he was courteous to visitors, however humble their station in life. To his servants he was always kind, and to those advanced in life he would allow the familiarity presumed on by old family servants. Particularly was this so with his old servant "Ned."

This old Ned was wonderfully pious and a great exhorter—in theory a temperance man, but prone to backsliding. Knowing his master's fondness for horses, and that it was his custom in the afternoon on his way home during the racing season to stop at the race-course and enjoy the sport, he felt it his duty to lecture him on the evil of his ways, and would do so after this manner: "Mars Matt, ef yer don't be kerful dem races gwine ter be de ruin ov yer sol; taint no place for de chillun ov de Lord!" Jouett listened to him patiently

and consented to his argument, but did not promise to reform. The next day after one of these earnest admonitions Mr. Jouett walked into the race-course, and, to his astonishment, saw old Ned perched in a tree-top eagerly watching the fun. He called to him: "Ned, you hypocritical black rascal, what are you doing up there?" "Now, Mars Matt, you go long and let dis nigger lone. ' He am there ter see no races fer hissef; he jist come ter cotch de sinners, an' ter testify agin 'em." The master passed on, leaving the pious Ned to take notes.

The declaration of the Nazarine that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" has not since his day been repeated with greater significance than when applied to the subject of this sketch. The product of his brush was hardly appreciated beyond that of portraiture, not taking them on their merits as works of art. His reputation was therefore limited to Kentucky and a few Southern cities, and then only as a likeness painter.

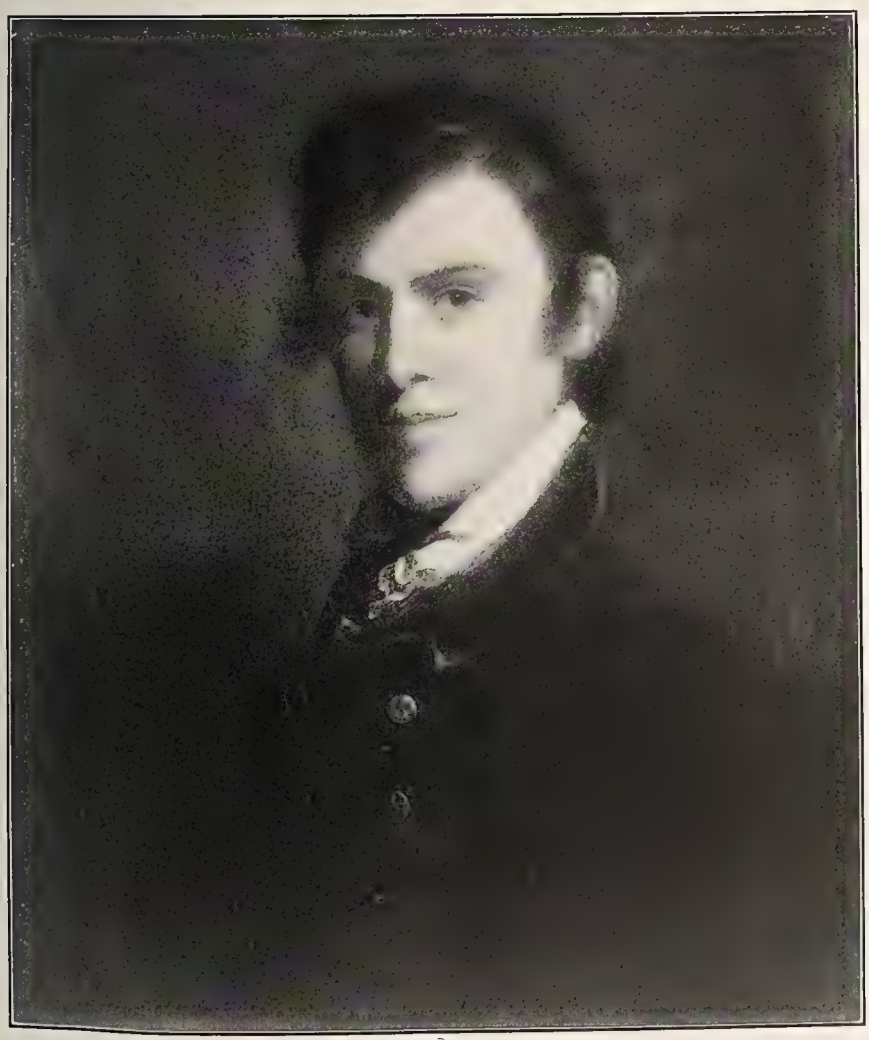
It was not until the exhibition of his portraits at the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, that his fame as a great painter began its expansion. His productions were given the best places in the gallery by the hanging committee because of their recognized merit, and they stood the most favorable comparison with the works of

the best foreign painters. The demand now for his paintings by home and foreign collectors is almost without a parallel. The quest is for portraits painted by him of public men, but they are willing, if such are not for sale, to purchase family portraits, offering as high as five hundred dollars for a bust size. A portrait by him of his pupil, John Grimes, was presented by the late Mrs. S. B. Menefee to the New York Museum of Art.

Since the World's Fair his pictures have been eagerly solicited by projectors of exhibits, and have been exhibited in Philadelphia and Cincinnati. Professor Thomas S. Noble,[1] Superintendent of the Art School in Cincinnati, after scrutinizing carefully the Jouett portraits in the collections, exclaimed to a friend, "Rembrandt is next to God, and Jouett is next to Rembrandt!"

Rembrandt, like Jouett, was not appreciated until after his death. He felt, however, more keenly the pangs of poverty than Jouett. His portraits were in little demand during his life, and those he did sell were at prices hardly sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. At this day his works command the most fabulous prices.

[1] Lexington, Kentucky, being the birthplace of Professor Noble, it would be but just and fitting that his history should appear with the sketches of the Bluegrass masters, except for the purpose of the author to confine his work to the deceased painters of that locality. Kentucky should class him as one of her gifted sons, as he has established a national reputation as a character painter second to none in this country.



JOHN GRIMES.

Painted by Matthew Harris Jouett.

The New York Museum of Art secured one at the enormous sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

The appreciation of true art has undergone a revolution since the days of Rembrandt, consequently the home and foreign artists are reaping a harvest, and portraits hardly equal to those of either of the artists named are valued at from two hundred dollars to one thousand dollars. Lenbach, the Munich artist, asks five thousand dollars for his portraits without hands.

Meissonier, the French artist, was once asked by a guest why he did not have some of his work on the walls of his residence. His laconic reply was, "I can't afford to," implying that his paintings commanded such prices that he could better afford to pay for paintings of others.

It has been the opinion of some that republics are unfavorable to the cultivation of art, and that monarchical governments are better patrons. This can only be true to the extent that wealth was concentrated in a few hands in monarchies, and, being hereditary, there was more time to accumulate works of art and to educate the taste. As a republic grows older and richer this ceases to be the case, and America is now considered one of the best markets for rare collections.

At the recent Clark sale, in New York City, the pictures found ready sale at good prices. A landscape

by George Inness sold for ten thousand dollars, having been bought from the painter a few years before his death for only three hundred dollars. This would show that if a connoisseur were to buy up good pictures from promising young artists it would prove a good speculation — much better than diamonds, for paintings of merit are enhanced in value by age; they become richer and more mellow, while diamonds and other precious stones are stationary, and are only valued to the amount invested.

The French republic, at the present day, is foremost in portraiture, due, in a large measure, to patronage from the cultivated in art.

An artist of world-wide fame, who had traveled through Europe, said that he believed that some of Jouett's best heads could be sold in those countries for Van Dykes if the costumes were but changed to the period of that artist.

When the Honorable Charles Sumner was a guest of General William Preston, at Lexington, Kentucky, several years before the Civil War, he was much impressed by the portraits by Jouett which hung upon the walls. Escorting Mrs. Preston in to dinner on the evening of his arrival, he was attracted on entering the dining-room by Jouett's portrait of Mrs. Irvin hanging

over the mantel. He stopped, looked at it closely, and exclaimed, "What a glorious Van Dyke! Where did you get it?" Mrs. Preston told him he was mistaken in the artist; that it was painted by Matt. Jouett, a Kentucky painter, who she was sure had never seen a Van Dyke or any other master picture. Mr. Sumner had made a study of foreign art and artists, and prided himself on his knowledge in that direction; he was, therefore, surprised beyond measure at learning that the picture before him was not painted by the great pupil of Rubens, but by an American artist, and one of whom he had never heard.

Jouett painted nature as he saw it. The eye of genius comprehended form in its appropriate lines and symmetry, and in color its positive, transparent, and complementary shadows. This ocular impression on the retina was duplicated on the canvas with simplicity and directness, consequently his heads have roundness, and preserve throughout a consistent harmony. He had a technique of his own, and, with a full and vigorous brush, applied the color to the canvas. This is especially shown in his miniatures, in that he did not conform to the conventional stippling and hatching, but, as in his oil portraits, painted in a broad style and with frequent washings. Drawing he considered of primary importance,

and he was a perfect draftsman, as his portraits show. His backgrounds were simply treated and had sufficient atmosphere to relieve the head and body and balance the warm and cold tones. The head being of greatest interest, he subordinated accessories, giving but little attention to dress, especially in the female sitter.

The sentiment given to his faces was more than the majority of the best artists could accomplish. This power was especially shown in his female portraits, and he could paint a woman with equal success as a man.

Most artists are incapable of painting with equal fidelity the male and female. Gilbert Stuart and Healy were striking examples of this; although they could not be excelled in painting male heads, they were not always so successful in painting portraits of women. Thomas Sully, on the contrary, was more successful with his female than with his male portraits.

So pronounced was Jouett's objection to detail in dress that some of his female portraits are deficient in this respect, the apparel being indicated merely in a sketchy manner.

When painting in Louisville at one time he asked a young gentleman friend to sit for him, and was much surprised, when he presented himself for the first sitting, to see he had bedecked himself for the occasion in a

broadcloth suit, buff vest, ruffled shirt bosom, and red necktie. Jouett greeted him with: "What in the thunder did you dress up that way for? I expected to paint a gentleman, not a confounded fop. Remove that trumpery and come back to me in gentleman's clothes." Although the friend was surprised at this direction, he consented to make the change, and left immediately to do so, Jouett remarking, "I will fiddle until you come back." The writer has seen this picture, and it is of a very handsome man, and is one of Jouett's best.

The few months' study under Stuart did not cause Jouett to lose his individuality in his execution or appreciably change his style. While there is some resemblance in their work, it is caused by the fact that they both copied nature. Jouett did not try to imitate his master. It is this nearness to nature that accounts for the resemblance of Jouett's paintings to those of Van Dyke.

The greatest benefit Jouett received from Stuart was the knowledge of the chemical properties of the different pigments so necessary in securing durability. Had he had this knowledge in his early use of oil, his pictures would have been better preserved. Some of his paintings, even since acquiring this chemical knowledge, have somewhat deteriorated in color, caused by rough handling and injudicious cleaning. He was never known to

varnish his portraits. If he had done so, they would have better stood the scratches and washings. His ambition caused him to play with color and its composition. Unlike Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was willing to give the result of his experience to others. He prepared a manuscript manual on oil painting, and had it gone to the publisher it would have proved a great help to professional artists of smaller reputation and to the beginner in art studies. The pallet he most used was adopted by some of the artists who followed him.

Whether Jouett's genius had sufficient latitude for figure composition to have made him as successful as he was in portraiture is not known, as he left no canvas on which to base an opinion. His nearest approach to composition is a portrait of his wife and child painted on the same canvas (twenty-five by thirty inches). The mother is represented in a standing position, holding in her arms a handsome, chubby boy baby, who looks over his mother's bare shoulder. The mother, in consequence, is represented in an opposite direction from the child, which gives a back view of the body and head. It is truly a masterpiece, and, in the judgment of the writer, would have done credit to Rembrandt or Van Dyke. Healy was enthusiastic in his praise of this

JOUETT'S WIFE AND CHILD.

From a portrait painted by himself.

picture, and on one occasion said to a brother painter that it merited a place in the Louvre.

It is exceptional when a painter is alike successful in the two departments of art. In portraiture the essential quality is individuality accented, and in historical and genre it is character idealized. To correct likeness belongs expression as much as form. With this difficulty the character painter has not to contend.

Mobility of countenance is a serious obstacle in arriving at a satisfactory result. For this reason Jouett had much trouble in painting the portrait of Mr. Henry Clay. He made three attempts, but on account of the variable expression of the great statesman he did not succeed to his satisfaction. The one he most valued is owned by Major Henry McDowell, who resides at Ashland, the late home of Henry Clay. Major McDowell purchased it from Mrs. Jane Logan, of Shelbyville, Kentucky.

It is said that Henry Clay on one occasion took a lad in whom he was interested, and who had expressed a desire to study art, to Mr. Jouett's studio with the request that the artist would favor him as an old friend by taking him under his care and instruction. Mr. Jouett at once took the boy in his studio. After some months' absence in Washington, Mr. Clay, returning to Lexington, called at the studio and made inquiry for

his young protege. "Well, Mr. Jouett, how does the lad progress?" "Poorly," replied the artist. "No special talent, mediocre ability." "Oh, well," said the statesman, "we will put him at something else better suited to his capacity." "Too late," said Mr. Jouett. "Why so?" "He has dabbled in paint," replied the artist, "and will never be fit for any thing else." This showed that Jouett was a philosopher as well as a painter.

Possessed of a remarkable memory for the retention of form, color, and expression, Jouett was enabled to paint correctly the faces of acquaintances long after their demise. A striking illustration of this is shown in the portrait painted of Colonel John Allen, who fell at the River Raisin.

Jouett's powers must have been extraordinary. All artists were impressed by the man and fascinated by his work. Men of art instincts and discriminating judgment placed a high estimate upon his productions. As an example of the impression he made upon artists, it may not be out of place to give Neagle's experience.

John Neagle, of Philadelphia, who attained a high position as portrait painter, and who married a daughter of Thomas Sully, thinking he could better compete with the rough Western painters than with the educated artists of the East, visited Lexington in 1818 with a view

to establishing himself permanently in that growing town. On arriving he asked if there were any portrait painters there. He was astonished to learn there were two. Starting out to look them up, he chanced to go first to Jouett's studio. Upon examining the work he quickly decided he could never be the leading portrait painter of Lexington, and determined not to remain, as there would be no hope for employment with such a rival to contend with. Neagle, discouraged and without money, had many difficulties and much anxiety before he got back to Philadelphia, and concluded to measure swords with other than backwoods artists in the future. The return to Philadelphia proved a wise decision, for in a few years he became one of the leading portrait painters, and, in 1840, was commissioned by the admirers of Henry Clay in that city to paint his full-length portrait. He therefore again made a visit to Lexington to procure sittings from the great Commoner.

In a letter to the late Mr. Jouett Menefee, of this city, from the great artist Healy, he thus expresses his opinion of Jouett:

PARIS, October 12, 1878.

My Dear Mr. Menefee:

I am very happy to hear from you and your dear mother, whose health is, I hope, better than when I saw you both in Rome. I am also glad that you intend to give the world some

account of Stuart's best pupil, your gifted grandfather, of whom our greatest portrait painter was so fond and so proud. I often heard our friend, the late Oliver Frazer, speak with pride and affection of him when I first knew him in Europe. But when I saw the work of our gifted countryman, Mr. Jouett, I fully understood what Frazer had said, and that we have great reason to feel proud of him. I well remember being told by our friend that Stuart used to call his favorite, while his pupil, not by his name, but simply "Kentucky." I feel sure that as the works of your grandfather become more known, his just fame will be more and more widely established. I am sincerely rejoiced that you are to execute this work of simple justice to the honor and glory of one of the most gifted and best artists our country has ever produced. I wish I had more details to give you.

I beg you to say to your mother that I am working away as when we saw each other in Rome. I wish you and she could be here now to enjoy the great Exposition, especially the art department, which is so rich that you would wish to take up your abode there for a month.

I went for a few weeks to Coblentz for the treatment of my eyes by my oculist, Dr. Menrer. He has done them a world of good; the rest was also of great use. I am grieved to feel I may never return home, having lost every thing by the fire of Chicago, and being too old to commence life anew; besides this, four of my children are settled in Europe, so I suppose I shall have to remain away from home.

My wife and family join me in kind regards to you and your dear mother.

Ever sincerely your friend,

GEORGE P. HEALY.

At his country home, August 10, 1827, on Matthew Jouett the curtain fell, ever shutting from his view nature, the source of his matchless inspiration. He died, after a short illness, in his fortieth year. Thus to be cut down in early manhood, at the full tide of professional success and the promise of greater possibilities, is a providential dispensation which the finite mind is incapable of interpreting. His admiring friends had, however, the comfort of knowing that he had accomplished as much in the ten years of his professional life as many others of the brush are able to do in a long lifetime.

A few days after the funeral the following poem appeared in the Focus, published in Lexington:

The death news came. Behold he lies
  Upon his funeral bier,
Crowned with the laurels of his fame
  That never shall soon sear.

Where wert thou, Genius? Nature, where?
  When he, your favorite, lay
Struggling with Death? Why flew ye not
  To wrench Death's darts away?

Could ye not save? No, no, I feel
  Your powerless love, you moan
Or surely you had sped full fast
  To shield, to save your own.

O ! Nature, 't is my wild, wild dream
  The wondrous gift you gave
Thy son, provoked the vengeful dart
  That hurled him to the grave.

He was, indeed, Death's harmless foe,
  For by his pencil's art
With magic triumph high he soared
  Above the spoiler's dart.

He bade the living sweetly feel
  When life's brief sun was set,
Their pictured forms would still shine on
  And show them living yet.

But, ah ! his genius led too far,
  Too high it did aspire,
When from the tomb's long mouldering forms
  He waked their living fire,

And bade it on the canvas glow
  So strangely true and bright,
That eyes that long had wept the dead
  Ran o'er with sad delight.

Jouett ! thou wert to us a pride,
  For cradled in the wild,
In our own woods, thy soul took wing,
  Thy opening genius smiled.

Though we, thy country, mourn thee now,
  Our grief may know control ;
But there is one whose bosom's hopes
  Fled with thy parting soul.

Her eye is gazing on thy grave,
  Her heart within is laid;
The fatherless are wailing round,
  "O! Mother, he is dead."

Peace to thy breaking heart, lone dove,
  Though riven from thy mate;
For coming years e'en yet may find
  Thee not all desolate.

Yes, those young heart-sobs now
  Deep mixing with thine own,
Shall oft impart sweet dreams to thee
  Of him whose spirit's flown.

Far through the day thy now sore love,
  Touched by time's mellowing beam,
Shall then all sweetly wrap thy soul,
  And be its loveliest dream.

Jouett! from one whose heart was thine,
  These lines have struggled forth;
Who wears within his bosom now
  The picture of thy worth.

His remains were laid to rest in the family burying-ground of his father-in-law, Mr. William Allen, in the presence of relatives and a host of admiring friends.

OBITUARY.

(From the Lexington Reporter of Wednesday, August 15, 1827.)

Died, last Friday afternoon, at his residence, near this place, Matthew H. Jouett, Esquire, an artist of rare genius and of considerable celebrity. As a father, husband, friend, and citizen his death is deeply lamented, for in all these relations he occupied an elevated and enviable station in our society.

Mr. Smith :

Permit me through your paper to notice the last moments of our departed friend, Matthew H. Jouett. On Sunday evening, the 29th of July, he arrived at home from Louisville, where he had been for some time in the line of his profession. The morning after his arrival he found himself indisposed by an attack of bilious fever. The symptoms at first did not appear of the most malignant kind, but the disease rapidly disclosed its virulent character, so that by the sixth day, notwithstanding the strength of his constitution and the prompt use of powerful counteracting medicines, his condition was painful and alarming. From that time till the tenth day of his illness his physicians and friends were balanced between hope and fear. His firmness and confidence in the use of the means never once forsook him till the tenth day in the evening ; finding himself then entirely prostrated and without the command of his limbs, he for the first time expressed his belief that he would be compelled to leave us. He survived but two days longer, during which time he dictated the condition of his affairs and directed his thoughts to a future state. On the morning preceding his departure he gave his dear wife and children in charge to a beloved brother-in-law, and, in the most impressive and energetic manner, dedicated his soul to God and humbly prayed that he might be received into Heaven. He died like a philosopher, yet relying upon the merits and

intercession of the Saviour. It is a remarkable fact that his vast mental faculties, though besieged in the fortress of the body, retained their accustomed vigor and discrimination to the last moment of his life. During the day his anxious friends frequently expressed their hope that he was getting better. He replied, "I distinctly feel death crawling up my body. I shall soon be gone." He calmly measured every encroachment of death till it swallowed up his body in victory. Thus died in the prime of life one of the best and most noble of men. I will not speak of the extraordinary endowments which he was known to possess, and which but few are born to cultivate. I will merely allude to his qualifications as a man, in the relations of husband, father, and friend, in which his loss will be most felt. As a husband he was one of the kindest and most devoted; he was adored by his amiable wife. As a father his earthly happiness and desire to live was mainly centered in his numerous little offspring. How often has the writer mingled his feelings with the fears of the father that by some accident he would be called from the guardianship of his children! The development and virtuous direction of their infant minds was his ruling concern. As a friend all the powers of his uncommon intellect and pure feelings were brought to bear upon and to chasten friendship, the dearest and most disinterested of earthly relations. It was in the hour of adversity that he sought to appreciate character, whether depressed by providence, popular clamor, or the fruits of indiscretion. His mind, as if inspired by heaven, seized the bright spark in the character of the victim, fanned it into a flame, and placed it in propitious contrast to the dark shade. But he is gone, regretted and beloved by all who knew him. Let us remember his virtues and endeavor to imitate them.

A Friend.

A few years ago his body with that of his wife and son-in-law (Honorable Richard H. Menefee) were removed to Louisville and reinterred in Cave Hill Cemetery. Appropriate monuments mark their graves.

Although Jouett's brush was prolific, he left his large family not more than a comfortable support. Had he lived in New York the pecuniary returns of his brush would have been more than a competency to have been enjoyed by his family. To show what advantages an artist had in the East, the writer quotes from Charles Henry Hart in the October (1898) Century on Gilbert Stuart: "In later days, with sitters besieging his doors, he would turn them away, one by one, until the larder was empty and there was not a penny left in the purse. Then he would go to work, and in an incredibly short time produce one of his masterpieces." Jouett, on account of his energy and responsibility of family, had he had the same environments, would have been even more successful than his preceptor, Stuart. Through the diligence of his grandson, the late Richard Jouett Menefee, three hundred and twelve portraits painted by his grandfather have been located and the owners ascertained.

Mrs. Jouett, on a small farm of thirty acres, was able, by her fine business qualities, to provide food and

clothing, and to educate her children. The care and training she gave her nine fatherless children bore good fruit, for the four that reached maturity were an ornament to society and a credit to the State.

George P. Jouett, the eldest, when he attained manhood was respected and honored by his fellow-citizens, and was twice elected Mayor of Lexington, Kentucky. At the breaking out of the Civil War he offered his services to the Government, and by the Governor was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Fifteenth Kentucky Volunteer Infantry. At the Battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862, he courageously gave his life to his country.

Sarah B. married, while in her teens, the Honorable Richard H. Menefee, the great orator and statesman. After a few years of conjugal happiness the bonds of union were broken by the death of the husband. Mrs. Menefee was a wonderful woman, in that she maintained the vigor of a strong intellect and tenacious memory to the end of her long and useful life. Like her father, she was a brilliant conversationalist. She died December 13, 1898, in her eighty-fourth year.

Rear Admiral James Edward Jouett was educated at the Naval Academy, and his naval achievements during the Civil War are household words, and by the future historian he will be coupled with Farragut.

Matthew H. Jouett, junior, was in the Kentucky Federal Cavalry with the rank of Captain, and made a record of which Kentucky should be proud. For some years he has been retired from the army, and is now living on a farm in Missouri.

Richard Jouett Menefee, the grandson of the great painter, the writer must not pass, although his memory is fresh in the minds of the citizens of Louisville, and to speak of his virtues would be but tearing away the myrtle from the face of his tomb to read his epitaph. A few years before his death he undertook the filial duty of making a catalogue of his grandfather's paintings and writing his biography. He talked to those in the city and wrote to those outside who he knew owned paintings by Jouett for accurate information concerning the pictures they owned, and asked them for information concerning others having such paintings. In this way he acquired a valuable fund of information on the subject, and as it came to him he made a catalogue of the pictures and their owners. His main object was to write a monograph for The Filson Club, of which he was a member, embracing a biography of Jouett, illustrated by steel engravings or halftones of his principal works. He made considerable progress in his undertaking, but before he could finish it death overtook him and deprived

The Filson Club and the world of art of a valuable work. Fortunately, he made a catalogue of the paintings and their owners as the information was gathered, and the following is a copy of that catalogue as he left it:

CATALOGUE OF JOUETT'S PICTURES AND THEIR OWNERS.

1. Portrait of Artist Matthew H. Jouett. Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
2. Portrait of Jouett's wife (veil). Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
3. Portrait of lady, Miss Allen (Mrs. Rebecca Redd). Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
4. Portrait of Jouett's wife (Virginia picture). Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
5. Portrait, three-quarter length, of old lady (Mrs. Wm. Allen). Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
6. Portrait of same (Mrs. Wm. Allen), miniature, gold. Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
7. Portrait of Jouett's wife and infant child. Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
8. Portrait of Henry Clay (Morris picture). Owned by J. F. Johnston, Lexington, Ky.
9. Portrait of Col. Edmund H. Taylor, Sr. Owned by Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., Frankfort, Ky.
10. Portrait of Dr. Samuel Brown. Owned by Mrs. Ben. Hardin Helm, Elizabethtown, Ky.
11. Portrait of Charles Sproule. Owned by Mrs. Ben. Hardin Helm, Elizabethtown, Ky.
12. Portrait of Gen. George Rogers Clark. Owned by Col. R. T. Durrett, Louisville, Ky.
13. Portrait of Henry Clay when about forty-five (Logan picture). Owned by H. C. McDowell, Lexington, Ky.
14. Portrait of Dr. Alex. Mitchell. Owned by Mrs. Alvin Frazer, Lexington, Ky.

15. Portrait of boy and girl, sketch in oil of two heads. Owned by Mrs. Alvin Frazer, Lexington, Ky.
16. Miniature (ivory), Wm. Brand, Esq. Owned by Mrs. E. N. Warfield, Pewee Valley, Ky.
17. Miniature (ivory), Mrs. Brand. Owned by Mrs. E. N. Warfield, Pewee Valley, Ky.
18. Portrait of Dr. Horace Holley. Owned by Austin Hall, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y.
19. Portrait of Mr. John Brand (1818). Owned by Mrs. Eliza B. Woodward, Lexington, Ky.
20. Portrait of Mrs. John Brand (1818). Owned by Mrs. Eliza B. Woodward, Lexington, Ky.
21. Portrait of child, full length. Owned by Mrs. Ed. Humphrey, Louisville, Ky.
22. Portrait of Gov. Isaac Shelby. Owned by Shelby Todd, Esq., Louisville, Ky.
23. Portrait of Mrs. Nanette Smith (canvas). Owned by Mrs. H. C. Pindle, Louisville, Ky.
24. Portrait of Col. James Morrison (canvas). Owned by Mrs. H. C. Pindle, Louisville, Ky.
25. Portrait of H. R. Hill (wood). Owned by Mrs. Barry Coleman.
26. Three Marys at the Tomb (large copy). Owned by the Cathedral, Louisville, Ky.
27. Portrait of Col. Edward Stockton. Owned by Mrs. S. E. Laird, Birmingham, Ala.
28. Portrait of Mrs. Edward Stockton. Owned by Mrs. S. E. Laird, Birmingham, Ala.
29. Portrait of Col. John Morris. Owned by Mrs. Ann Edgar, Frankfort, Ky.
30. Portrait of Mrs. Ann Morris. Owned by Mrs. Ann Edgar, Frankfort, Ky.
31. Portrait of Mrs. Emily Tubman. Owned by Landon Thomas, Frankfort, Ky,
32. Life size, full length of Marquis de La Fayette. State House, Frankfort, Ky.
33. Portrait of Mrs. John Norton. Owned by Mrs. Geo. W. Norton, Lexington, Ky.
34. Portrait of Dr. B. W. Dudley. Owned by Dr. Robt. Peter, Lexington, Ky.

35. Portrait of Anne Pope at fifteen, later wife of Larz. Anderson. Owned by Misses Anderson, Dayton, O.
36. Sketch of Peter Grayson. Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
37. Portrait of Daniel Weisiger (wood). Owned by A. J. Alexander, Woodford, Ky., Spring Station.
38. Portrait of Mrs. Daniel Weisiger (wood). Owned by A. J. Alexander, Woodford, Ky., Spring Station.
39. Pen sketch, Mother and Children. Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
40. Pen sketch, Historical Carpenter (rough study). Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
41. Portrait of Rev. James Blythe. Owned by Miss Margaret Blythe, Hartford, Conn.
42. Portrait of Mrs. Margaret Blythe. Owned by Miss Margaret Blythe, Hartford, Conn.
43. Portrait of Hon. John Brown. Owned by John Mason Brown, Louisville, Ky., and in old homestead at Frankfort, Ky.
44. Portrait of Hon. James Brown. Owned by John Mason Brown, Louisville, Ky., and in old homestead at Frankfort, Ky.
45. Portrait of Col. John Allen, who fell at River Raisin (painted from memory after death). Owned by John Allen Murray, Cloverport, Ky.
46. Portrait of Hugh Allen. Owned by Howard Hunter, Louisville, Ky.
47. Portrait of Henderson Allen. Owned by Howard Hunter, Louisville, Ky.
48. Portrait of Judge Robert Crittenden. Owned by Mrs. A. J. Edgar, Frankfort, Ky.
49. Portrait of Mrs. Robert Crittenden (1823). Owned by Mrs. A. J. Edgar, Frankfort, Ky.
50. Portrait of Judge Harry Innis (painted from memory). Owned by Capt. Harry I. Todd, Frankfort, Ky. (George D. Todd, Louisville, Ky.)
51. Portrait of Mrs. Anne Innis. Owned by Capt. Harry I. Todd, Frankfort, Ky. (George D. Todd, Louisville, Ky.)
52. Portrait of Justice Thomas Todd, United States Supreme Court. Owned by Capt. Harry I. Todd, Frankfort, Ky. (George D. Todd, Louisville, Ky.)
53.

54. Portrait of Mrs. A. K. Woolley. Owned by Mrs. Peter White, Cincinnati, O.
55. Portrait of Mrs. Col. John Todd (wood). Owned by Mrs. Margaret Wickliffe Preston.
56. Portrait of Mrs. Wm. Preston (*nee* Margaret Wickliffe) in early childhood. Owned by Mrs. Margaret Wickliffe Preston.
57. Portrait of Mrs. John Preston (*nee* Mary H. Wickliffe) in early childhood. Owned by Mrs. Margaret Wickliffe Preston.
58. Portrait (miniature) of John Speed Smith. Owned by Gen. Clay Smith, Louisville, Ky.
59. Portrait of Rev. Mr. McCoy. Owned by his grandson, J. C. McCoy, of Missouri.
60. Portrait of Col. John Postlewait. Owned by W. Frank Pragoff, Louisville, Ky.
61. Portrait of Mrs. Wm. S. Dallam and infant child, Letitia (painted in 1818 for Maj. Wm. S. Dallam). Owned by Dr. Robt. Peter, Lexington, Ky.
62. Portrait (group) of Mrs. Robt. Peter and sister, Elizabeth Dallam, when girls of eleven and five years. (Unfinished.) Owned by Dr. Robt. Peter, Lexington, Ky.
63. Portrait of Mrs. Samuel Meredith, sister of Hon. John Breckinridge (painted for Maj. W. S. Dallam in 1826). Owned by Dr. Robt. Peter, Lexington, Ky.
64. Portrait of Dr. B. W. Dudley, the great surgeon, about 1825 to 1826 (painted for Maj. W. S. Dallam). Owned by Dr. Robt. Peter, Lexington, Ky.
65. Portrait of Mrs. Dr. Joseph Boswell (23 x 38½). Owned by Mrs. Benjamin Gratz, Lexington, Ky.
66. Portrait of Miss Maria Cecil Gist, later Mrs. Benj. Gratz. Owned by Dr. Wm. T. Barry, Chicago, Ill.
67. Portrait of Mrs. Wm. T. Barry. Owned by Dr. Wm. T. Barry, Chicago, Ill.
68. Portrait of Miss Mary Barry (a child six years old). Owned by Dr. Wm. T. Barry, Chicago, Ill.
69. Portrait of Mrs. Rainey. Owned by H. C. Rainey, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
70. Portrait of Dr. Joseph Scott. Owned by Mrs. Holloway, Ray Co., Mo.
71. Portrait of Mrs. Dr. Joseph Scott. Owned by Mrs. Holloway, Ray Co,, Mo,

72. Miniature of John Postlewait (ivory, gold). Owned by Mrs. W. G. Pragoff, Louisville, Ky.
73. Portrait of Matthew Jouett, artist. Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
74. Miniature (ivory) of Thornton Lewis (1815). Owned by Mrs. Thornton Lewis, Winchester, Ky.
75. Miniature (ivory) of Stephen Lewis (1815). Owned by Mrs. Thornton Lewis, Winchester, Ky.
76. Portrait of La Fayette. (Bust he painted from life for C. L. Wm. Rodes.) Owned by Mrs. Pauline Rodes, Woodlawn, near Richmond, Ky.
77. Portrait of Col. Cuthbert Bullitt. Owned by Cuthbert Bullitt, Esq., Louisville, Ky.
78. Portrait of Robert Crockett, of Kentucky (wood). Owned by Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Oakland, Cal.
79. Portrait of Mrs. Robert Crockett (wood). Owned by Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Oakland, Cal.
80.
81. Portrait of Mrs. Margaret Fletcher (*nee* Nicholas), 24½ x 28. Owned by Mrs. Dr. D. O. Davies, Henderson, Ky.
82. Portrait of Mrs. Dr. Ewing. Owned by Mrs. Henry L. Pope, Louisville, Ky.
83. Portrait of Peter B. Ormsby. Owned by Dr. Ormsby Gray, Louisville, Ky.
84.
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88. Portrait of Gen. Robt. P. Letcher. Owned by Mrs. A. B. Hopper, Lancaster, Ky.
89. Portrait of Dr. Samuel Brown (¾). Owned by John M. Brown, Louisville, Ky.
90. Portrait of Preston W. Brown. Owned by Dr. Preston B. Scott, Louisville, Ky.
91. Portrait of James Masterson.
92. Portrait of Thomas Jefferson (copy), attributed to Jouett. (Stuart's.) Owned by W. C. P. Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky.
93. Portrait of David Castleman. Owned by Gen. John B. Castleman, Louisville, Ky.

94. Portrait of Rev. John Breckinridge. Owned by Gen. John B. Castleman, Louisville, Ky.
95. Portrait of Dr. N. A. Galt. Owned by Mrs. S. F. Chipley, Pensacola, Fla.
96. Portrait of Miss Matilda Maupin. Owned by Mr. Arthur Brown, Louisville, Ky.
97.
98.
99. Portrait of Gov. Geo. Madison, of Kentucky. Owned by Mrs. P. Blair Lee, Silver Spring, Md.
100. Portrait of Mr. Frank Preston Blair, Sr. (burned). Owned by Mrs. S. P. Blair Lee, Silver Spring, Md.
101. Portrait of Miss Betsy Downing. Owned by Mrs. Henriette Craig, Lexington, Ky.
102. Portrait of Mrs. John Jordan (*nee* von Phul). Thought to have gone into the family of her brother, Henry von Phul, St. Louis, Mo.
103. Portrait of Mrs. Nathaniel Hart. Owned by Miss Lizzie Hart, Lexington, Ky.
104. Portrait of Mrs. Mary Ann Castleman (*nee* Breckinridge). Owned by Mrs. Dr. Wm. Webb, St. Louis, Mo.
105.
106. Portrait of Mr. A. F. Hawkins. Owned by Samuel F. Leary, near Midway, Ky.
107. Portrait of Mrs. A. F. Hawkins. Owned by Samuel F. Leary, near Midway, Ky.
108. Portrait of Gen. Wm. O. Butler. Owned in Carrollton, Ky.
109. Portrait of Asa Blanchard. Owned by A. B. Gatewood, Covington, Ky.
110. Portrait of Mrs. Rebecca Blanchard. Owned by A. B. Gatewood, Covington, Ky.
111. Portrait of Horatio F. Blanchard. Owned by A. B. Gatewood, Covington, Ky.
112. Portrait of Mrs. Mary L. Gatewood. Owned by A. B. Gatewood, Covington, Ky.
113. Portrait of Col. Geo. P. Jouett as a lad of ten years (sketch in oil). Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
114. Portrait of Dr. W. C. Galt. Owned by Dr. W. H. Galt, Louisville, Ky.
115. Portrait of Mrs. Eliza Turner. Owned by Mrs. John T. McMurran, Woodland, near Natchez, Miss.

116. Portrait of Mary Louisa Turner (now Mrs. John T. McMurran). Owned by Mrs. John T. McMurran, Woodland, near Natchez, Miss.
117. Portrait of Wm. B. Griffith. Owned by Mrs. John T. McMurran, Woodland, near Natchez, Miss.
118. Portrait of Mrs. Theodosia T. Griffith and daughter, Mary. Owned by Mrs. John T. McMurran, Woodland, near Natchez, Miss.
119. Portrait of Judge E. Turner. Owned by Mrs. John T. McMurran, Woodland, near Natchez, Miss.
120. Portrait of Gen. John A. Quitman (painted for himself). Owned by Mrs. Antonia Quitman Lovell, Palmyra Plantation, Ogden, Warren Co., Miss.
121. Portrait of Eliza Turner Quitman. Owned by Mrs. Antonia Quitman, Ogden, Miss.
122. Portrait of Mrs. A. K. Woolley (*nee* Wickliffe). Owned by Mrs. Peter A. White, Cincinnati, O.
123. Portrait of Dr. A. P. Merrill. Owned by Hon. A. P. Merrill, near Natchez, Miss.
124. Portrait of Mrs. A. P. Merrill. Owned by Hon. A. P. Merrill, near Natchez, Miss.
125. Portrait of John Newton Helm (1826). Owned by Mrs. C. R. Railey, 224 Eighth St., New Orleans, La.
126. Portrait of Mrs. John Newton Helm (painted for Mr. Thomas Helm, of Mississippi). Owned by Mrs. C. R. Railey, 224 Eighth St., New Orleans, La.
127. Portrait of Dr. Emmons, of Kentucky. Owned by Mrs. Varina B. Gaither, Vidalia, La.
128. Portrait of Hon. Geo. M. Bibb. Owned by Mrs. Fannie Burnley, Frankfort, Ky.
129. Portrait of Mrs. Geo. M. Bibb, daughter of Gen. Scott. Owned by Mrs. Fannie Burnley, Frankfort, Ky.
130. Miniature (ivory) of Gen. Charles Scott. Owned by Mrs. Fannie Burnley, Frankfort, Ky.
131. Portrait of Mrs. John Breckinridge (*nee* Mary Hoffman Cabell, mother of Joseph Cabell). Owned by Mrs. Mary Bullock, Lexington, Ky.
132. Portrait of Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, son of John Breckinridge, father of John C. Breckinridge. Owned by Cabell B. Bullock, Lexington, Ky.
133. Portrait of Mrs. Dr. John M. Scott. Owned by Mrs. J. Alexander Grant, Frankfort, Ky.

134. Portrait of Martin Blake. Owned by Henry V. Sanders, Louisville, Ky.
135. Portrait of Rev. Dr. Horace Holley. Owned by W. E. Burr, St. Louis, Mo.
136. Miniature of Mary Bell Mitchell, infant. Owned by Mrs. Oliver Frazer, Lexington, Ky.
137. Portrait of Mrs. Betsy Mitchell. Owned by Mrs. Oliver Frazer, Lexington, Ky.
138. Portrait of Samuel H. Woodson. Owned by Mrs. Anna Meade Letcher, Nicholasville, Ky.
139. Portrait of Gen. Geo. Trotter (from memory). Owned by Mr. Sam. F. Leary, Midway, Ky.
140. Portrait of Lawrence Leary (two of same). Owned by Mr. Sam. F. Leary, Midway, Ky.
141. Portrait of Lawrence Leary.
142. Portrait of James Masterson (small full length). Owned by R. A. Metcalf, Lexington, Ky.
143. Portrait of Samuel McDowell, first Marshal of Kentucky.
144. Portrait of Wm. Starling, Revolutionary soldier. Owned by Mrs. Pepper, Frankfort, Ky.
145. Portrait of Wm. Starling, son of above. Owned by Mrs. Pepper, Frankfort, Ky.
146. Portrait of Mrs. Wm. Starling, wife of the latter. Owned by Mrs. Pepper, Frankfort, Ky.
147. Portrait of Judge John J. Marshall. Owned by Mrs. F. C. Marshall, Cecilian Cottage, Hardin Co., Ky.
148. Portrait of Mrs. John J. Marshall. Owned by Mrs. F. C. Marshall, Cecilian Cottage, Hardin Co., Ky.
149. Portrait of Humphrey Marshall at five years of age. Owned by Mrs. F. C. Marshall, Cecilian Cottage, Hardin Co., Ky.
150. Portrait of Lewis Marshall at eighteen months (on wood and well preserved). Owned by Mrs. F. C. Marshall, Cecilian Cottage, Hardin Co., Ky.
151. Portrait of David Castleman, Lexington, Ky. (wood). Owned by Judge S. M. Breckinridge, St. Louis, Mo.
152. Portrait of Rev. John Breckinridge, D. D. (canvas). Owned by Judge S. M. Breckinridge, St. Louis, Mo.
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156. Portrait of Rev. Wm. L. Breckinridge. Owned by W. L. Breckinridge, St. Louis, Mo.
157. Portrait of Mrs. Fannie P. Breckinridge. Owned by W. L. Breckinridge, St. Louis, Mo.
158. Portrait of Wm. D. Payne. Owned by Mr. Ward Payne, Owensboro, Ky.
159. Portrait of Gen. Leslie Combs.
160. Portrait of Mrs. Leslie Combs.
161. Portrait of Prof. John Roche (1821–22). Owned by Mrs. Sarah E. Roche, near Georgetown, Scott Co., Ky.
162. Portrait of Mrs. Wilkinson. Owned by Mrs. C. C. Young, Danville, Ky.
163. Portrait of Judge Andrew McKinley. Owned by Mrs. A. P. Humphrey, Louisville, Ky.
164. Portrait of Maj. James G. McKinney. Owned by Mrs. Mag. Smither, Versailles, Ky.
165. Portrait of Maj. John G. McKinney. Owned by Mrs. Mag. Smither, Versailles, Ky.
166. Portrait of Mrs. Martin D. Harding, mother of Col. Harding, who fell at Buena Vista. Owned by Mrs. Ellen Walworth, Buena Vista, near Saratoga, N. Y.
167.
168. Miniature of Mrs. John W. Hunt. Owned by Col. Charlton H. Morgan, Lexington, Ky.
169. Portrait of Mrs. James Brown, sister of Mrs. Henry Clay. Owned by Mrs. James B. Clay, Lexington, Ky.
170. Portrait of Thomas Hart. Owned by Mrs. Wm. G. Talbot, Paris, Ky.
171. Portrait of Mrs. Eleanor Hart. Owned by Mrs. Wm. G. Talbot, Paris, Ky.
172. Portrait of Mrs. Thomas Pindle Hart. Owned by Mrs. Wm. G. Talbot, Paris, Ky.
173. Portrait of Col. Wm. Rodes at twenty-eight (wood). Owned by L. Brodhead, Woodburn, Ky.
174. Portrait of Dr. Samuel Breck, of Alabama.
175. Miniature (ivory) of A. L. Lewis. Owned by Mrs. Lewis, of Clark Co., Ky.
176. Portrait of Gov. Isaac Shelby (attributed to Jouett). Owned by Wm. M. Irvine, Richmond, Ky.
177. Portrait of Col. Wm. Rodes. Owned by Mrs. Pauline Rodes, Woodlawn, near Richmond, Ky.

178. Miniature of Capt. Nat. G. Hart (from memory). Owned by Miss Lizzie B. Hart, Lexington, Ky.
179. Portrait of Mrs. Nat. B. Hart. Owned by Miss Lizzie B. Hart, Lexington, Ky.
180. Portrait of Mrs. Maria Innis Todd. Owned by Mrs. Robt. A. Waller, Chicago, Ill.
181. Portrait of Mrs. Sarah Crittenden, first wife of John J. Owned by Mrs. E. H. Taylor, Frankfort, Ky.
182. Miniature (ivory) of Colonel Meade. Formerly in possession of Mrs. Boumar, Versailles, Ky.
183. Portrait of Justice Thomas Todd. Owned by James M. Todd, Frankfort, Ky.
184. Portrait of Mrs. Lucy P. Todd. Owned by James M. Todd, Frankfort, Ky.
185. Portrait of Hon. John J. Crittenden. Owned by Harry Todd, Lexington, Ky.
186. Portrait of Mrs. John McKinney, Jr. Owned by Harry Todd, Lexington, Ky.
187. Portrait of Henry Crittenden. Owned by Governor T. T. Crittenden, Kansas City, Mo.
188. Portrait of Mrs. Garnet Duncan (*nee* Patsy Martin). Owned by Col. Blanton Duncan, California.
189. Miniature (ivory) of Rev. Joseph Cabell Harrison. Owned by Mrs. Maria Clarkson, Humboldt, Kansas.
190. Portrait of Judge A. K. Woolley. Owned by Mrs. Peter A. White, Cincinnati, Ohio.
191. Portrait of Senator Isham Talbot. Owned by William T. Dudley, Frankfort, Ky.
192.
193. Portrait of Mrs. John Morris (1826). Owned by Mrs. A. J. Edgar, Frankfort, Ky.
194. Portrait of Judge Harry Innis (1817). Owned by Mrs. Robert H. Garrett, New Orleans, La.
195. Portrait of Col. Thomas Smith. Owned by Miss Lillian May Gray.
196. Portrait of Mr. Wm. W. Worsley. Owned by Thomas S. Kennedy, Louisville, Ky.
197. Portrait of Mrs. Wm. W. Worsley. Owned by Thomas S. Kennedy, Louisville, Ky.

198. Miniature (ivory) of Maj. John S. Martin. Owned by Thomas S. Kennedy, Louisville, Ky.
199. Portrait of Mrs. John S. Martin (*nee* Blanton). Owned by Thomas S. Kennedy, Louisville, Ky.
200. Miniature (ivory) of Thomas Hart. Owned Mrs. Ella A. Harris, Paris, Ky.
201. Portrait of Mrs. Eleanor Hart. Owned by Mrs. Ella A. Harris, Paris, Ky.
202. Portrait of Mrs. Jesse Cledsoe. Owned by Anderson Gratz, Kirkwood, Mo.
203.
204. Portrait of Walter Carr, of Kentucky. Owned by Walter C. Carr, St. Louis, Mo.
205. Portrait of Mrs. Benjamin Gratz (*nee* Maria Cecil Gist). Owned by Mrs. E. B. Blair Lee, Silver Spring, Md.
206. Portrait of Rev. Robt. J. Breckinridge (1824). Owned by Judge Robt. J. Breckinridge, Danville, Ky.
207. Portrait of Mrs. Robt. J. Breckinridge. Owned by Judge Robt. J. Breckinridge, Danville, Ky.
208. Portrait of Gen. Francis Preston. Owned by Judge Robt. J. Breckinridge, Danville, Ky.
209. Portrait of Hon. J. Cabell Breckinridge. Owned by Mrs. Bullock, Lexington, Ky.
210. Portrait of Hon. J. Cabell Breckinridge. Owned by Mrs. Bullock, Lexington, Ky.
210½. Portrait of Mrs. J. Cabell Breckinridge.
211. Portrait of Mrs. Mary S. Breckinridge, wife of Cabell Breckinridge. Owned by Mrs. Bullock, Lexington, Ky.
212. Portrait of Rev. John Breckinridge. Owned by Judge Daniel M. Breckinridge, St. Louis, Mo.
213. Portrait of John Breckinridge (from memory). Owned by Mrs. John C. Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky.
214. Portrait of Gen. Peter B. Porter. Owned by Hon. Peter A. Porter, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
215. Portrait of Mrs. Peter B. Porter. Owned by Hon. Peter A. Porter, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
216. Portrait of Gov. John Pope, of Kentucky. Owned by Mrs. Florida Tinstall, San Antonio, Texas.

217. Portrait of Thomas Prather. Owned by Mrs. Kate P. Winston, Louisville, Ky.
218. Portrait of Gen. Thomas Bodley. Owned by Mrs. E. B. Owsley, Louisville, Ky.
219. Miniature (ivory) of Fortunatus Cosby. Owned by Mrs. Ellen B. Carpenter, Louisville, Ky.
220. Miniature of Mrs. E. P. Humphrey (*nee* Catherine Prather) when six years of age, ¾ length. Owned by Ed. W. C. Humphrey, Louisville, Ky.
221. Portrait of Gov. Isaac Shelby (Replica). Owned by Col. R. T. Durrett, Louisville, Ky.
222. Portrait of Hon. John Brown (Replica). Owned by Col. R. T. Durrett, Louisville, Ky.
223.
224. Portrait of Dr. Walter Brashear (canvas, 28 x 22). Owned by Mrs. F. C. Lawrence, Morgan City, La.
225. Portrait of Mrs. Walter Brashear, 1810 or earlier (28 x 22, canvas; damaged). Owned by Mrs. F. C. Lawrence, Morgan City, La.
226.
227. Portrait of Mrs. Vannerson (destroyed). Owned by Jo. Davis, on Human Plantation, La.
228. Portrait of Mr. Wood Hawkins. Owned by ———, Missouri.
229. Portrait of Mrs. Wood Hawkins. Owned by ———, Missouri.
230. Portrait of Dr. James C. Johnston (wood). Owned by Col. R. W. Woolley, Louisville, Ky.
231. Portrait of Gen. G. W. Chambers. Owned by Mrs. G. W. Chambers, Pleasure Ridge Park, Jefferson County, Ky.
232. Portrait of Mrs. Gen. G. W. Chambers. Owned by Mrs. G. W. Chambers, Pleasure Ridge Park, Jefferson County, Ky.
233. Portrait of Mrs. Sally Robards Jouett (mother of Matthew Jouett), 21 x 28. Owned by Mrs. H. Clay White, near Williamstown, Ky.
234. Portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth Hardin (sister of the artist Jouett). Owned by Mrs. J. A. Crawford, Covington, Ky.
235. Portrait of Miss Dumesnil. Owned by Gen. Dan. Lindsay, Frankfort, Ky.
236. Portrait of Jouett, the artist.
237. Portrait of the artist's wife.

    In his best manner. The two best pictures he ever painted. Burned in the Academy of Fine Arts at Philadephia, June 11, 1845.

238.

239. Portrait of Gen. Martin D. Hardin. Owned by Mrs. M. McKee, Frankfort, Ky.
240. Portrait of John H. Hanna (36 x 29). Owned by Mrs. J. P. Thom, Baltimore, Md.
241. Portrait of Maj. David Trimble. Owned by Judge Wm. T. McClintick, Chillicothe, Ohio.
242. Portrait of Col. Wm. Trimble (1821; 22 x 27). Owned by Mrs. J. H. Thompson, Hillsboro, Ohio.
243. Portrait of Joseph H. Hawkins. Owned by Joseph H. Sanders, near Ghent, Ky.
244. Portrait of Mrs. Joseph H. Hawkins. Owned by Joseph H. Sanders, near Ghent, Ky.
245. Portrait of Mrs. Anne Nicholas Sanders. Owned by Lewis Sanders, New York.
246. Portrait of Mrs. Gen. Jacob Castleman. Owned by Mrs. Caroline B. Smith, Louisville, Ky.
247. Portrait of James L. Hickman. Owned by Wm. S. Hickman, near Trenton, Ky.
248. Portrait of Maj. Gabriel Tandy. Owned by Mrs. Anna C. Tandy, Meadow Brook, near St. Louis, Mo.
249. Portrait of Mrs. Gabriel Tandy. (Very fine.) Owned by Mrs. Anna C. Tandy, Meadow Brook, near St. Louis, Mo.
250. Portrait of Robt. Wickliffe (1822). Supposed to be in possession of one of the grandchildren of Chas. Caldwell, died at Danville, Ky.
251. Portrait of Robt. Wickliffe (1824). Presented to his nephew, Martin Ewing, of Mississippi, and in possession of his son.
252. Portrait of Gov. Isaac Shelby, painted for Robt. Wickliffe. Presented to his daughter, Mrs. Fishback, and supposed to be in the Shelby family.
253. Portrait of Col. James Morrison, of Lexington (canvas, 22 x 26). Owned by Col. James Morrison Hawes, Covington, Ky.
254. Portrait of Col. Solomon P. Sharp (killed by Beauchamp at Frankfort in 1824). Owned by Mrs. Annie Grundy Sharp, Bardstown, Ky.
255. Portrait of Robert Todd (canvas). Owned by Mrs. Matilda P. Logan, Louisville, Ky.
256. Portrait of Miss Theodosia Prevost. Owned by Mrs. L. Breckinridge, Alton, Ill.
257. Portrait of Gen. Peter B. Porter and wife. Owned by Mrs. L. Breckinridge, Alton, Ill.

258. Portrait of Mrs. Letitia B. Porter. Owned by Mrs. L. Breckinridge, Alton, Ill.

259. Portrait of Col. James Morris, of Lexington (canvas, 24 x 30). Owned by D. H. Holmes, Holmesdale, near Covington, Ky.

260. Portrait of Thomas Jefferson (wood, 20 x 30). Owned by D. H. Holmes, Holmesdale, near Covington, Ky.

261.

262. Portrait of Gen. Montford Wells, painted 1825 at Lexington. (Considered one of his best.) In possession of his daughter, Mrs. Jones, of Alexandria, Va.

262½. Portrait of Gov. Isaac Shelby (canvas). Owned by Thomas H. Shelby, Fayette County, Ky.

263. Portrait of Gov. Isaac Shelby (wood). Owned by J. T. Shelby, Lexington, Ky. (Bought by O. Frazer from the estate of Mrs. E. Warfield.)

264. Portrait of a boy, Master Logan. Owned by Miss Mag. C. Logan, Woodford County, Ky.

265. Portrait of Dr. Weisiger. Owned by L. H. Blanton, Indianapolis, Ind.

266. Portrait of Mrs. D. Weisiger (panel, walnut). Owned by L. H. Blanton, Indianapolis, Ind.

267. Portrait of Mrs. Jane Trimble (canvas). Owned by Dr. Rodney T. Trimble, New Vienna, Ohio.

268. Portrait of Col. Wm. A. Trimble, U. S. Senator from Ohio 1821 (canvas). Owned by Dr. Rodney T. Trimble, New Vienna, Ohio.

269. Portrait of Judge Thomas Todd. Owned by Thomas Todd, Shelbyville, Ky.

270. Portrait of Henry Clay. (Mr. Clay thought this best portrait painted of him.) Presented by Mr. Clay to Wm. Caldwell, owner of White Sulphur Springs, where it was in good condition in 1881 in possession of Mrs. Caldwell, daughter-in-law of Mr. C.

271.

272. Miniature (ivory) of Wm. S. Waller. Owned by Mrs. Clifton Breckinridge, No. 218 Capital Street, Washington City, D. C.

273. Portrait of Chas. D. Morton (painted 1815). Owned by Mrs. Hermia H. Hollingsworth, Mobile, Ala.

274. Portrait of Peyton Short, Esq. (painted 1826). Owned by Mrs. C. M. Short, Louisville, Ky.

275. Portrait of Mrs. Wm. Waller. Owned by Mrs. Susanna Lees, Hazelwood, near High Bridge, N. Y.

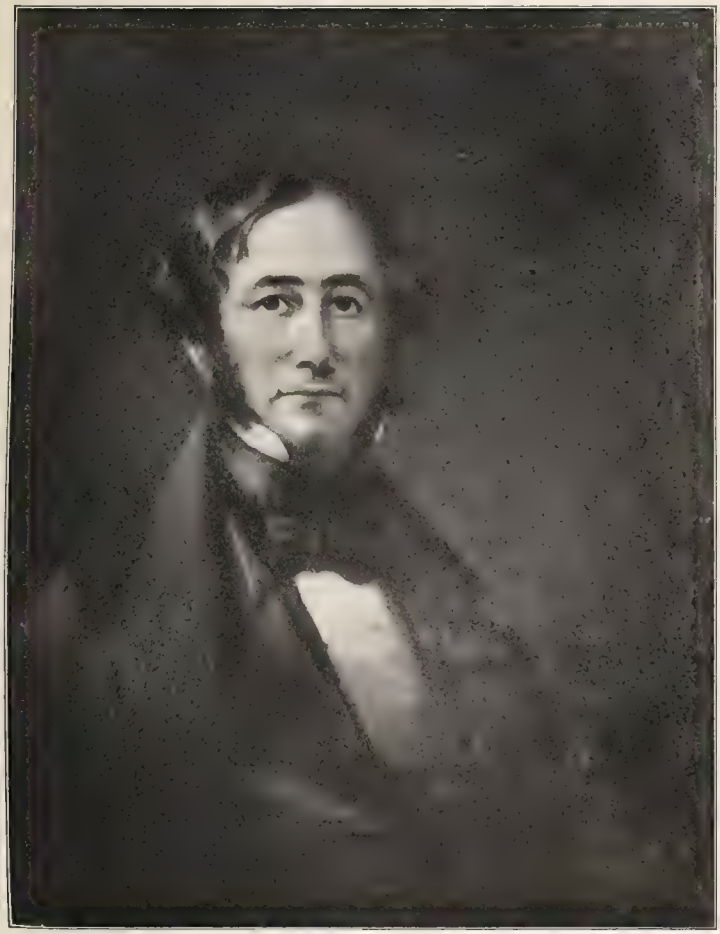
276. Portrait of Mrs. John J. Crittenden. Owned by Mrs. Robt. Waller,

277. Portrait of Hon. John Scott (first Congressman for Missouri), canvas, 3 x 2. Owned by Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, 711 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.
278. Portrait of Mrs. Margaretta Fletcher, daughter of Geo. Nicholas, of Kentucky. Owned by A. W. Bascom, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
279. Portrait of Mrs. Margaretta Fletcher, daughter of Geo. Nicholas, of Kentucky. Owned by Mrs. Clara Hawes, A. F. Seminary, Staunton, Va.
280. Portrait of Dr. William Hall Richardson (on wood; painted 1826). Owned by Dr. E. B. Richardson, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
281. Portrait of Mrs. Judith Ann Richardson (canvas). Owned by Dr. E. B. Richardson, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
282. Miniature (ivory) of Mrs. Col. C. S. Todd (painted previous to 1816). Owned by Mrs. John Carter, New Orleans, La.
283. Portrait of Daniel Weisiger, of Kentucky. Owned by Mrs. Josephine Threlkeld (*nee* Weisiger), Mission Valley, DeWitt County, Texas.
284. Portrait of Mrs. Daniel Weisiger. Owned by Mrs. Josephine Threlkeld (*nee* Weisiger), Mission Valley, DeWitt County, Texas.
285. Portrait of Maj. Alex. G. Morgan, who fell at Buena Vista. Owned by Col. Alex. G. Morgan, Green Cove Springs, Fla.
286. Portrait of Ann America Morgan (his wife, canvas, 27 x 32). Owned by Col. Alex. G. Morgan, Green Cove Springs, Fla.
287. Miniature (ivory) of Capt. Robinson DeHart. Owned by Capt. Wm. DeHart, McComb, Miss.
288. Portrait of Dr. Mann Satterwhite (wood, 20 x 26). Owned by Dr. Thos. P. Satterwhite, Louisville, Ky.
289. Portrait of Miss Sarah Satterwhite (wood, 20 x 26). Owned by Dr. Thos. P. Satterwhite, Louisville, Ky.
290. Portrait of Mrs. Margaretta Fletcher, daughter of Geo. Nicholas (wood). Owned by Geo. Nicholas, Shelbyville, Ky.
291. Portrait of Dr. Samuel Buck (replica of L. Brodhead's picture, Spring Station). Owned by Mrs. Edwin Ford, Canton, Miss.
292. Portrait of Dr. Richard Pindle. Owned by F. H. Pindle, Esq., Lebanon, Mo.
293. Portrait of Dr. Richard Pindle (burned in Missouri, 1886). Owned by Mrs. Milton Smith, Dallas, Texas.
294. Miniature (ivory) of Gov. Charles Scott (one of Jouett's very early pictures). Owned by Mrs. Burnley, Frankfort, Ky.
295. Portrait of Gen. Thomas Marshall. Owned by Mrs. John C. Herndon, Louisville, Ky.

296. Portrait of Hon. Garnett Duncan (canvas, oval; one of Jouett's very best). Owned by Col. Blanton Duncan, Louisville, Ky.
297. Portrait of Mrs. Patsy W. Martin Duncan (his wife; wood, square). Owned by Col. Blanton Duncan, Louisville, Ky.
298. Miniature (ivory, gold) of Mrs. Francis Thornton, daughter of Judge Harry Innis. Owned by David Starling Forbes, Fredericksburg, Va.
299.
300. Portrait of T. Gibson, of Louisiana (1825). Owned by Mrs. S. G. Humphreys, Versailles, Ky.
301. Portrait of Mrs. D. C. Humphreys (1825). Owned by Mrs. S. G. Humphreys, Versailles, Ky.
302. Portrait of John Grimes, artist pupil of Jouett. Owned by New York Metropolitan Museum.
303.
304.
305.
306.
307. Life-sized head of an old family horse. Owned by R. J. Menefee, Louisville, Ky.
308. Portrait of Judge John Rowan, of Federal Hill, Ky. (¾, and very fine). Owned by Mrs. John Rowan, Bardstown, Ky.
309. Portrait of Col. Archie Dunbar. Owned by Mrs. Julia Dunbar Green, Natchez, Miss., or Mrs. Alfred Davis, Pass Christian, Miss.
310. Portrait of Mr. Samuel Postlewait (ordinary portrait size). Owned by Gen. Geo. C. Cochran, St. Paul, Minn.
311. Portrait of Gen. James Taylor. Owned by Col. John B. Taylor, Newport, Ky.
312. Portrait or Judge Wm. T. Barry. Owned by Dr. Wm. T. Barry, Chicago, Ill.
313. Portrait of Gen. Isaac Shelby. Owned by Samuel McGoffin, Esq., St. Louis Co., Mo.
314. Portrait of Mrs. Isaac Shelby. Owned by Samuel McGoffin, Esq., St. Louis Co., Mo.
315. Portrait of Mrs. McGoffin (*nee* Virginia McAfee, daughter of Gen. McAfee, Minister to South America). Owned by Samuel McGoffin, Esq., St. Louis Co., Mo.
316. Portrait of Dr. Geo. Potts. Owned by Gen. Geo. C. Cochran, St. Paul, Minn.
317. Portrait of Mrs. Dr. Geo. Potts (on wood). Owned by Gen. Geo. C. Cochran, St. Paul, Minn.

318. Miniature (ivory) of Maj. John Loving. Owned by John Loving, Esq., Louisville, Ky.
319. Miniature (ivory) of Chas. F. Wing (broken in two pieces). Owned by Miss Mary Wing, Louisville, Ky.
320. Portrait of John Jouett, brother of the artist. Owned by M. Hadin Jouett, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
321. Portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth Jouett Hadin (on wood; good preservation). Owned by Mrs. Mary D. Crawford, Covington, Ky.
322. Portrait of Thomas Smith (wood, life size; splendid; one of his best. Editor at Lexington). Owned by Mrs. E. Nannett Turner, Louisville, Ky.
323. Miniature (on ivory) of Capt. Paschal Hickman (killed at battle of River Raisin). Owned by Mrs. Wm. K. Trigg, Lexington, Mo.
324. Portrait of Capt. Robinson DeHart (canvas, about 22x26; very fine, but cracked). Owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Sheppard, 742 Seventh Street, Louisville, Ky.
325. Portrait of Mr. Cuddy (25x30, on wood; perfect condition and a very fine example). Owned by Mrs. Preston Pope, Louisville, Ky.
326. Portrait of Dr. Rufus Summerby (canvas, 25x30; fair condition). Owned by Mrs. Nest, 1902 Sixth Street, Louisville, Ky.
327. Portrait of Mrs. R. Summerby. (Excellent condition.) Owned by Mrs. Nest, 1902 Sixth Street, Louisville, Ky.
328. Portrait of Humphrey Marshall, Historian of Kentucky. Owned by Mrs. Judith L. Marshall, Louisville, Ky.
329. Portrait of James Burney. Owned by Mrs. Judith L. Marshall, Louisville, Ky.
330. Portrait of Madame Ansilmie Billiette. (Went from Arkansas to Lexington to have painted by Jouett.) Owned by Edward Bull, Esq., Third Street, Louisville, Ky.
331. Portrait of Robert S. Todd, early Surveyor. (Painted between 1825 and 1827. Canvas, portrait size. Good condition.) Owned by Mrs. Alice S. Byers, Louisville, Ky.
332. Portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth Pollock. Owned by Pollock Barbour, Esq., but in possession of Mrs. Phil. Barbour, near Louisville, Ky., November, 1890.
333. Portrait of Wm. Pollock, her son. (Painted at Lexington, Ky., between 1820 and 1825, on canvas, portrait size; in fairly good condition.)
334. Portrait of uncle of Mr. Ad. Crisman, Jessamine County, Ky. Owned by the nephew in Jessamine County, Ky.

Joseph H. Bush



JOSEPH H. BUSH.

From a portrait painted by himself.

Joseph H. Bush[1]

JOSEPH H. BUSH was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, in the year 1794. He was of German descent; his grandparents, Philip and Mary Bush, having come from Mannheim, Germany, to Winchester, Virginia, about the year 1750. His father was the proprietor of a hotel at that place, and among his most distinguished guests was Lieutenant Colonel George Washington, who, while stopping at this noted inn, was accompanied by several of his staff. The host very often spoke with enthusiasm of this young officer's noble bearing and attractiveness for all who came in contact with him.

Bishop Mead, in his popular work entitled "Old Churches, Ministers, and Families," frequently mentions Philip Bush as being one of the best known of the Virginia pioneers who emigrated to Kentucky.

General Cass, in his "France: Its Kings, Court, and Government," describes him, as he appeared in 1797, as being portly, ruddy, though advanced in life; while

[1] Read before The Filson Club, April 2, 1900.

the old-fashioned cut of his clothes and his broad-brimmed hat caused him to resemble a patriarch of olden times.

When the Duke of Orleans, afterward Louis Philippe, King of France, who reigned from 1830–48, left France to avoid arrest, he and his two younger brothers stopped at Bush's Hotel in 1797. While the first meal was being prepared Bush and the King, who had recently visited Mannheim, talked in German of the grand old town, its people and attractions. One brother being indisposed, the King suggested that he and his party should have a private table. This touch of royal exclusiveness roused the blood of the old German and caused him to exclaim: "If you are too good to eat at the table with my other guests, you are too good to eat in my house. Begone!" And they went.

It was on this tour that the royal party visited Kentucky, entering at Maysville and stopping at Lexington, Louisville, Bardstown, and other points en route to Nashville, Tennessee. The Duke was so delighted with his reception at Beardstown (as it was then called) that forty years after, when King, he sent to Bishop Flaget a bell for his Cathedral at that place. Three large paintings by Van Dyke (worth their weight in gold) were also given by the King to adorn the church.

Natural gifts in the fine arts are not infrequently directly traceable to ancestors, and this was especially so in the early development of the genius of Bush. His father, although not a professional portrait painter, executed during his leisure moments heads in oil which now adorn the walls of the houses of some of his descendants.

To say that the development of his talent for drawing greatly interfered with his studies at the district school is but history repeating itself, as this is the common disposition of youths who have natural gifts for drawing.

When but a lad he could not resist the temptation to make use of his mother's newly painted hearth in the exercise of his talent by sketching with charcoal a profile of his father. Just as the work was completed his mother put in an appearance, and, on viewing it, severely reprimanded the boy for so defacing the hearth. The father, hearing the altercation, came in and said: "Wife, instead of scolding Joe, you should have commended him for the performance, for it is an evidence of genius, and we should be proud of him; therefore, it must not be defaced." Notwithstanding her displeasure, she could but concede it a perfect likeness.

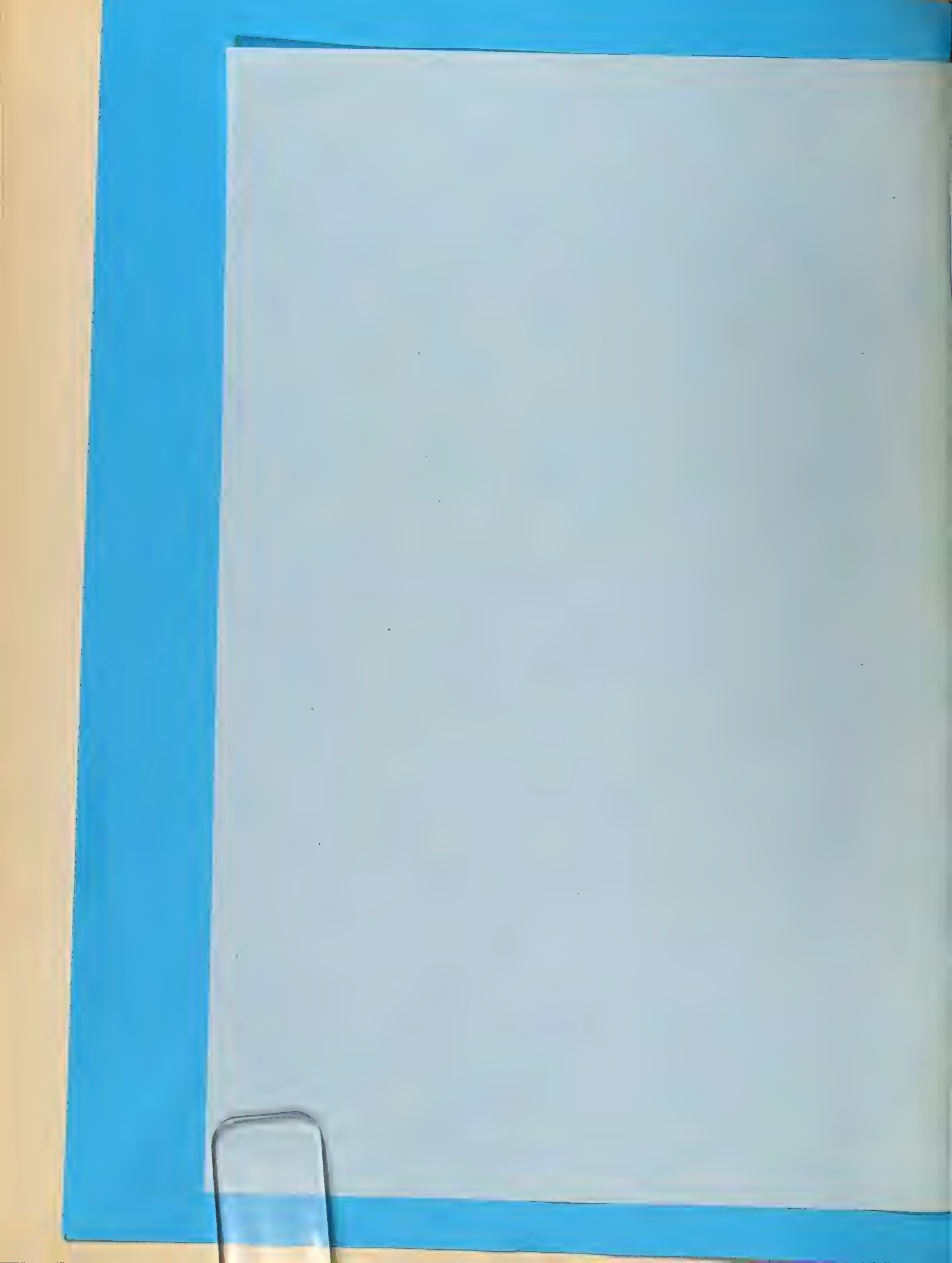
This maiden effort would have done credit to a professional artist, as it was drawn from memory. To

hold the image of a face in the mind is a task more difficult than the exercise of memory in any other direction. This power in young Bush accounts for his success in after years in the painting of children. Such subjects are exceedingly restless, and the artist must memorize their features and their poses.

The late Rosa Bonheur possessed this faculty in a wonderful degree, as is shown in her great picture entitled "The Horse Fair." The spirited action of the animals in this painting could have only been represented from memory.

The same might be said of Jerome, another great French artist, in his representation on canvas of "The Chariot Races."

Children take no interest in the artist's work, consequently are restive under the strictures of the sitter's chair. Not so with the adult, as he has an appreciation of the importance of sitting quietly for the artist to better portray on canvas his features, and will sit for hours without any apparent fatigue. In fact, he is much interested in the work while the artist plies his brush. Hazlett, in his delightful essays entitled "Table Talks," graphically decribes the sympathy between the painter and the sitter. He says: "There is a pleasure in sitting for one's picture which many persons are not



MRS. ANSELEM BUCHANAN.

(*Nee* WILLIE THOMPSON.)

Painted by Joseph H. Bush.

aware of. People are coy on this subject at first, coquet with it, and pretend not to like it, as is the case with other venial indulgences, but they soon get over their scruples and become resigned to their fate. There is conscious vanity in it, and vanity is the *aurum potabile* in all our pleasures, the true elixir of human life. The sitter at first affects an air of indifference, throws himself into a slovenly or awkward position, like a clown when he goes a-courting for the first time, but gradually recovers himself, attempts an attitude, and calls up his best looks the moment he receives intimation that there is something about him that will do for a picture. The beggar in the street is proud to have his picture painted, and would almost sit for nothing; the finest lady in the land is as fond of sitting to a favorite artist as of seating herself before her looking-glass; and the more so as the glass in this case is sensible of her charms, and does all it can to fix or heighten them. Kings lay aside their crowns to sit for their portraits, and poets their laurels to sit for their busts."

Honorable Henry Clay, having discovered in Bush fine natural talent for drawing, took great interest in him, and, desiring that he should have the best aid in its development, when the boy was seventeen he persuaded his father to send him to Philadelphia. He was all

eagerness to go, being stimulated by the success of young Matthew H. Jouett.

Clay himself took him to the city and placed him under the tuition of Thomas Sully, who was then of national reputation. At the same time Joseph prosecuted his academic studies interchangeably with those of the fine arts. His preceptor, discovering the latent genius of his new disciple, took great interest in him and led him to the success in portraiture which he in a few years attained.

After two years' stay in Philadelphia he returned to Kentucky and opened a studio in Frankfort, and it was not long before he received numerous orders for portraits. From this place he went to Lexington, having received commissions from many of the prominent families of that city.

After a few years' stay in Lexington he was called to Louisville to paint some of her citizens, where he permanently located. His winters were passed in New Orleans and Natchez, and by request he visited the planters of Louisiana, who were fortunate in securing his faithful portraits of the members of their households.

This itineracy proved very remunerative, as he charged more for his portraits and was at no expense in living. His work was in constant demand through the South,

and he made annual visits to the planters. This he continued until the outbreak of the Civil War.

Unlike the majority of painters, he had an eye to the value of money, and consequently judiciously invested his surplus, though not to his discomfort, for he was always clad in the best tailor-made clothing, and stopped at the best hotels, making the Galt House, when in Louisville, his home. He loved his profession and derived much pleasure from painting, as do other artists who do not put to the best use the profits from their brush.

"Great artists would not exchange their profession for that of any other; for the most part they are satisfied with the remuneration which they receive for their work, though often little. They do not envy the rich, for they consider themselves richer than the richest. A mind schooled by art perceives the emptiness of the life of those who consider themselves as the mighty of the earth, and whose glory is laid in the coffin with them. What is commonly called happiness can not longer allure him who is striving after a fame which has no attraction for the multitude."

Yet the portrait painter's path is not always strewn with flowers. The captious critic and the fastidious patron are ever snares in his way. To the former the execution

is defective, and to the latter the resemblance is not true to life.

If ninety-nine commend the fidelity of the portrait, and one person condemns it, the patron is dissatisfied. An American artist was at one time sorely tried by a lady customer, and but for a clever strategy and its successful execution would have been compelled to abandon the work.

He was commissioned by a lady in the higher walks of life to paint a portrait of her husband, which work the painter undertook with more than usual interest, as the husband had a strong, characteristic face. Believing his work to be a success, the lady was invited to see it. To the artist's great disappointment she expressed much dissatisfaction on seeing it. The objection was it did not do her husband justice.

The artist believed he could beautify to her satisfaction by softening the lines of the face and modifying the slight corrugation of the brow. Promising to make these changes, he invited her to come back the next day. The next morning she acknowledged a slight improvement, but not yet up to what she wanted.

The painter, fearing to lose the likeness by further alteration, happily thought of a device which would prove the correctness of his work. He therefore asked the

sitter the next morning to place himself in a sitting posture behind the frame which had contained the portrait. The husband, entering into the spirit of the strategy, took the desired position. A canvas was placed to hide the lower extremities. When his wife entered she exclaimed on seeing the life picture, "Why, it is worse than ever! I would not have that horrid thing on my walls!" To this the living picture responded, "I guess you would n't." After this it is hardly necessary to say the oil portrait was accepted and paid for.

No artist was more wedded to his profession than was Bush. This may account, in a large measure, for his bachelorhood. Although fond of the society of women, it is not positively known that he ever fell a victim to the charms of the gentler sex, though there is a rumor to the contrary. When the writer, who was himself an artist, and who had a studio in Louisville not far from Bush's, made known to the bachelor artist his purpose of becoming a benedict, he met with the remonstrance that he thought the cares of a family would greatly retard his advancement in art. The statement of the writer that the great masters, Rubens and Van Dyke, were married, brought forth a response, "Well, they might have been better painters had they remained

single." This logic, however, did not prevail, and the master painter was a witness to the nuptials.

Bush was an indefatigable worker, and did not, like many artists, await the capricious moods of genius, but as his interest in the work increased, inspiration came with it. In consequence he was expeditious and his execution was uniform, whether he painted directly from nature or from photographs.

While a portrait copied from a photograph did not inspire him as painting a living subject, he often said that it had its own compensation, in that he did not have to wait upon the dilatory sitter, and therefore was enabled to finish his work with more celerity. Then, too, it multiplied his orders.

A portrait of a relative or friend is by most persons not valued until after the death of the subject. Hence the photograph is necessary to its accomplishment, and its perishable nature increases the desire of persons to have the faces of their loved ones perpetuated on canvas.

He could not, like other experienced artists, rely upon the correctness of the drawing of the photograph, as they are always out of focus. The distortions of the sun pictures artists will ever have to contend with until the lens is constructed, if possible, to focalize more accurately.

BOY ON HOBBY-HORSE.

From a painting by Joseph H. Bush.

When the photograph was first introduced it was the impression it would greatly interfere with portraiture, owing to the cheapness of the former, thereby lessening the demand for portraiture in oil. In consequence many painters established galleries and would paint in oil the impression made by the camera after the image was thrown to life size on the canvas.

Bush had a style peculiarly his own, consequent upon his close study of nature, and not in imitating the methods of other skilled artists. There is no trace of resemblance even to the paintings of his preceptor, Sully. He had a bold, broad, and vigorous touch, and an accurate knowledge of the complement of color. His flesh was transparent and halftone emphasized, but was not obtrusive. Consequently his modeling was faultless. Though his heads were often half in shadow like those of Rembrandt, the shadows were so transparent they did not attract observation, and were not refused by patrons on that account. His shadows had a purplish hue, but were perfectly balanced with the halftones and high-lights.

In white drapery he was equally successful, it being difficult to represent on account of its reflexes. The shirt bosoms of his male portraits often were in shadow, yet he was enabled by the touches of pure white to

represent the texture and whiteness in high-lights. His drawing was as his modeling, almost faultless.

His strong ideality was exemplified in his grouping of children painted full length. Independent of the portraiture, they would adorn a gallery on account of the admirable composition. His master, Sully, was unsurpassed in the grouping of children, and this faculty more than any thing else gave him a national reputation.

Portraits by Bush were in the most constant demand, although he charged one hundred and fifty dollars for bust size.

While of a retiring nature, he did not avoid the social circle. He was not loquacious in his conversation, nor did he indulge often in repartee, but when he did it was with telling effect.

The writer was once requested to introduce to him a young mechanical painter by the name of Ganter. This was done by taking him to Bush's studio. Bush asked him what he had last painted. To this the young would-be painter pompously replied: "I have just executed my father." With an expression of seeming surprise the artist said: "Oh! indeed, sir; pray, sir, where was the sheriff?" Fully appreciating the satire, the young man quickly made his exit.

A pedant or pretender was never a welcome guest in Bush's studio. His large store of information, and his faculty for imparting it when disposed to do so, made him very companionable. His reading was of a solid character, yet he found time to read the daily newspapers. In stature he was about five feet eight inches, and in weight one hundred and seventy pounds.

His habits of life were regular, never indulging in intoxicants, and never using tobacco in any form.

He was a constant attendant of the Second Presbyterian Church of Louisville; Doctor E. P. Humphrey being at that time the pastor.

Subsequently he was confirmed in the Episcopal Church, to which his brother, Doctor James M. Bush, and family belonged.

When in Lexington his brother's house was his home, and here he died, after a short illness, on January 11, 1865, and was buried in his brother's lot in the beautiful "City of the Dead."

His most noted paintings are those of General Zachary Taylor (three-quarter length), Governor John Adair, Doctor Benjamin W. Dudley, Judge Thomas B. Monroe, and General Martin D. Hardin. Any one of these portraits would entitle him to the highest rank in portraiture in this country or in the old world.

Although the relentless hand of death may cause the great painter to lay down his brush as it does the author to relinquish his pen, yet they live!

No granite shaft need be erected by State or admiring public to perpetuate their memory. The picture gallery will testify to the genius of the one, and the shelves of the library to the greatness of the other; both more satisfactory than the carved epitaph.

"Their works do follow them."

John Grimes

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

From a painting by John Grimes.

JOHN GRIMES[1]

IN the old abandoned Episcopal Cemetery at Lexington, Kentucky, is a modest marble slab covered with moss and darkened by age, on which is italicized this inscription: "To the memory of John Grimes, Artist, Died December 27th, 1837, Aged 38." The omission of the date and place of birth on this humble stone would naturally cause comment, but so wrapped in mystery and obscurity was his entrance into the world that the simple fact of his existence was all that was known.

He, like Topsy, "jest growed in the sun," or like the occasional freak in the vegetable kingdom, where there appears a voluntary growth in the virgin soil amid indigenous weeds, accounted for only by the germination of seed dropped from the beak of a bird in flight; food designed for the featherless nestling, or wafted there from a foreign soil by the wind.

[1] Read before The Filson Club, April 2, 1900.

The biographer, in consequence, is saved the task of giving the usual introduction to this sketch, for genealogy there is none.

If it concerned Grimes that his parentage was not known, he doubtless could have been comforted by the conundrum given by the Irishman to the arrogant young lord—why he was like the potato vine. The answer, as given by the Irishman, was that the best part of him was under the ground.

When the cradle was the domain of the waif (for such he was), he had no mother to lull or rock him to sleep, no earthly father to provide his daily bread, but his Heavenly Father, who ever cares for the fatherless, brought him friends, and it was his privilege to taste of the milk of human kindness, and in larger draft as he grew in years and stature, and when his earthly career was ended he was laid to rest by the loving hand of his benefactor in his family lot beside his own children who had gone before, and this slab before mentioned was placed to mark his grave.

"Johnnie Grimes" had no mother to repeat to him "Mother Goose" or other nursery rhymes, or provide other amusement for him. In consequence he had to depend upon his own fertile imagination and inventive genius for his pleasure. He never tired of the chalk

and charcoal, and in decorating any available surface he found ever-increasing delight. Before he learned his alphabet he could copy the letters. His achievement in this line was a delight to his playmates and a wonder to the neighborhood.

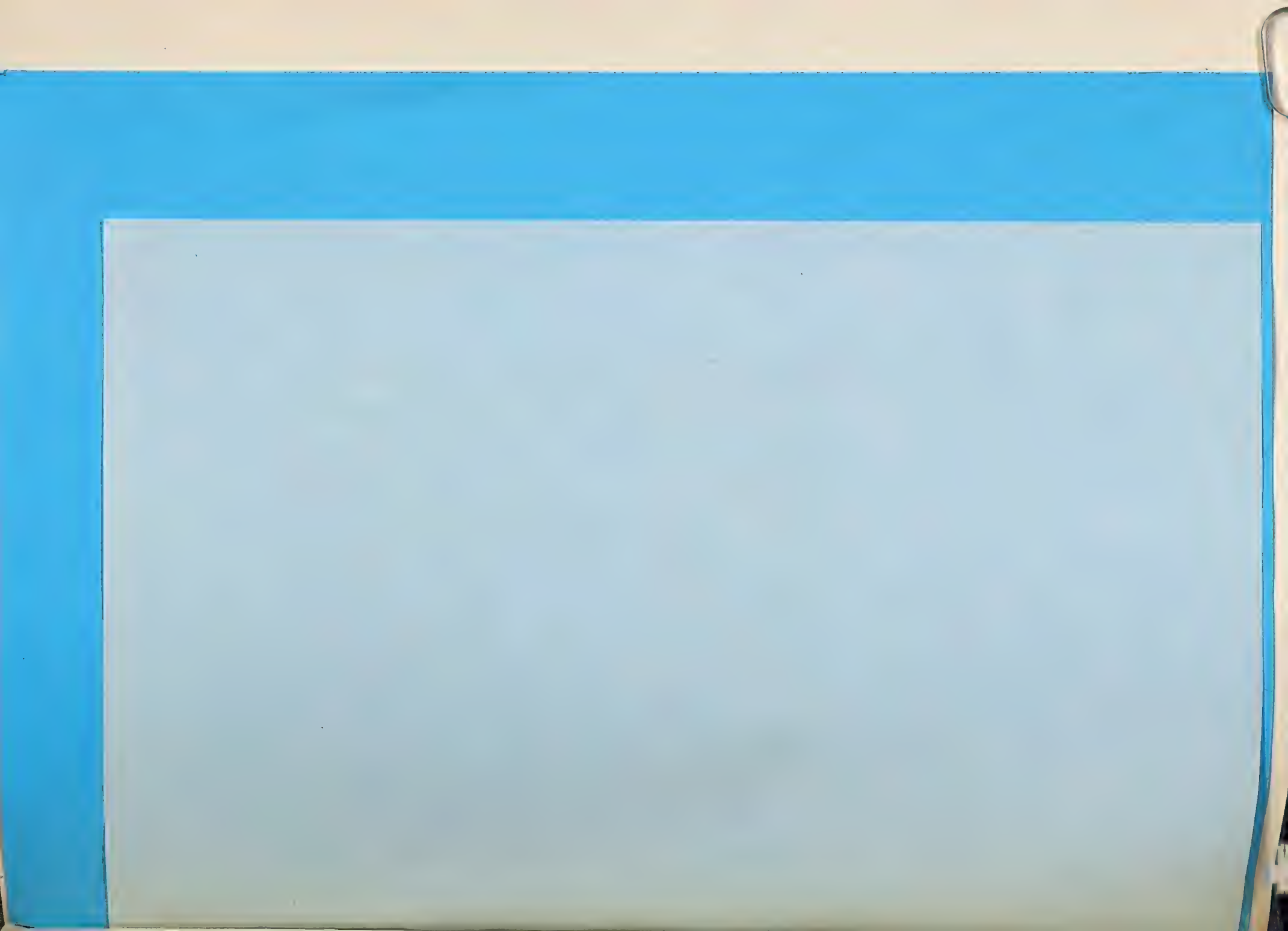
At the present day he possibly would not be considered so great a prodigy, for almost every family has an artist. A German painter fresh from Munich a few years ago went to Cincinnati for the purpose of opening a studio, but first thought to make a house-to-house visitation in the best part of the city in quest of patronage. After he had made the canvass he was asked by a brother painter the result of his effort. His reply was, "No good; I found a lady artist in every family. I will try my fortune in another city."

It is some compensation to the writer for the loss of sight that he is denied the privilege of seeing the work of some of the would-be artists and being asked by their admiring friends to pass judgment upon their merit. This criticism is not intended to discourage the youth of the present day in the study of art, for every effort in that direction encourages the dissemination of the true knowledge of fine art.

Mr. Thomas Grant, of Lexington, Kentucky, was attracted to young Grimes, and became so impressed

with his talent for drawing that he gave him employment in his store. (Mr. Grant was one of the firm of Downing & Grant, who had an oil and paint store on Cheapside.) On further acquaintance he was so much pleased with the beautiful character of the boy that he placed him as salesman in the store and took him to live in his family, and finally adopted him as his son.

The artist Matt Jouett purchased art material from this store, and was soon attracted to the boy who ground his paints. His interest became so great that he took him to his studio as his disciple, and was to him as Van Dyke was to Rubens. And he, as Van Dyke, drew inspiration from his master. He not only spent his days in Jouett's studio, but passed many of his evenings at his house, where he was a welcome guest and a great favorite with Mr. Jouett's children. His pleasing manners and versatility of genius made him friends of all with whom he was thrown. He was a born musician, and, when very young, mastered the flute and violin, and many pleasant evenings were spent in accompanying Mr. Jouett on the violin. After the death of Mr. Jouett he received a commission from Mr. Felix Grundy, of Nashville, Tennessee, to paint his portrait and those of his family. This completed, he found other work and remained in Nashville until, overtaken by consump-



GRIMES' "COUNTRY BOY."

tion, he was compelled to lay down his brush and return to Lexington to die.

The author has seen but two of his pictures—a portrait, "The Country Lad," and a composition, "The Suicide." Both are excellent. "The Country Lad" was material gathered when fishing on the Cumberland River, a few miles above Nashville. While sitting on the bank of that picturesque stream watching the cork as it played upon the water, suddenly there burst upon him from the thick growth of wood a little country boy, whose rustic shyness was soon overcome by his interest in the success of the fisherman. So great was Grimes' admiration of the beauty of the child that the artistic spirit in him was stirred and he was eager to put him on canvas. Obtaining the consent of the boy's parents, he took him to Nashville and from him made this pretty picture. The lad is represented without a coat and showing the open vest. His mass of hair is in artistic confusion, and his red lips are partly opened, expressing rusticity. In drawing and harmony of color it is a beautiful work of art.

The other picture, "The Suicide," is most gruesome, stripping life of its glamor and death of its dignity. The scene is an interior of a scantily furnished room. The victim is lying on the bed with the pistol in hand

which had done the fatal deed. The blood is oozing from the head, and shows the bullet had taken effect in the brain. Although unfinished, this picture proves he would have excelled in composition as well as portraiture. The perspective of the room is fine. These works of art were owned by the late J. G. Hunter, of Lexington, Kentucky.

Mr. Grant, his benefactor, had his portfolio of studies in crayon and charcoal which were made under Jouett's instruction, and they would do credit to the academician of to-day.

That he should be stricken down in the bloom of youth with prospect of large and luscious fruitage in sight is sad indeed.

While it was natural that his friends should mourn his death because of his high moral and social qualities, yet it was but for a comparatively short period, as they, too, are in their graves; but to the art world the stillness of his brush will be felt throughout all time.

OLIVER FRAZER

OLIVER FRAZER.

Photographed from life.

Oliver Frazer[1]

IN the professions there is no greater compact than exists between artists. They are drawn together by common sympathy, and therefore delight in each other's society. This pleasure they avail themselves of daily, exchanging visits to their respective studios or meeting at some common rendezvous, picture gallery, or art emporium.

The engaging topic is art and the methods of painting and sculpture. This custom is especially observed in cities where the community of artists is large. Lexington, Kentucky, though a small city, had a class of artists of no small ability who delighted in each other's society. They not only exchanged visits at their studios, but could be seen almost every morning at the drug-store of Mr. John S. Wilson, on Cheapside. This apothecary was not only a friend to the artists, but kept artists' materials, and was himself an amateur in photography — before the advent of the kodak.

[1] Read before The Filson Club, April 4, 1898.

The assembly of master artists was composed of such men as Joseph H. Bush, Louis Morgan, Joel T. Hart, and Oliver Frazer. It was a feast of reason and a flow of spirits, interspersed with sparkling wit, when these congenial spirits met. They were often joined by their admiring friends eminent in other callings, among whom were Robert J. Breckinridge, the great divine; Doctor Robert Peter, Professor of Chemistry in the Transylvania Medical College; Major Luwynskie, architect; Honorable George W. Jouett, son of Mr. Matt. H. Jouett, artist, and Honorable Matt. C. Johnson, prominent at the bar. At these distinguished assemblies none was more entertaining than Oliver Frazer, the subject of this sketch.

Oliver Frazer was born in Fayette County, Kentucky, February 4, 1808. He was the younger of two sons; the elder, James, at the age of twenty-five met his death in a steamboat collision. His father, Alexander Frazer, was a native of Ireland, who, having taken part in the unfortunate insurrection of Emmett, escaped to this country and found his way to Kentucky, finally settling in Lexington in the early part of the present century. Not long after his arrival in Lexington he married Miss Nancy Oliver, a beauty of that place.

Their married life, however, was short, for soon after Oliver's birth and before he had made any accumulation —

only making a comfortable living for his little family — his earthly career was brought to an end.

The young widowed mother, therefore, was left to struggle for a livelihood for her family and to provide the necessary means for the education of her boys in the district school. To meet the demands of their bodies and to give them the advantages in the cultivation of their minds that her ambition suggested was more than her physical energy could endure. In her extremity, however, Mr. Robert Frazer, the bachelor brother of her husband, came to her relief and acted a father's part to his brother's children by proposing to place them in the best school in Lexington at his own expense.

The proposition, it is needless to say, was promptly accepted, as she felt that it would be no sacrifice on his part, engaged as he was in a lucrative business and with no family incumbrance.

Whether Oliver's valuation of an education was sufficient for him to fully appreciate his kindness when offered by his uncle is a matter of conjecture. But it is known that his uncle was disappointed in that he did not at first make the progress that had been expected on account of his natural capacity. The early development of his talent for drawing proved an interruption to the pursuit of his studies. The young genius would frequently

occupy the time in studying the physiognomy of any available schoolmate or any object of interest that attracted his attention during school hours. So great was this disposition that his teacher's reprimand proved futile to conquer his ambition. The natural love of fine arts was greatly stimulated by the pictures of Mr. Jouett, Kentucky's great artist, whose studio he frequently visited. Despite the occasional indulgence of this propensity during school hours, he acquired more than the average proficiency in his studies. At the age of seventeen his frameless slate and the thumb-worn leaves of his rudimental books were retired to the upper shelf of the closet, and with no prospect of their ever being succeeded by more advanced studies. On reaching the strength of manhood it was Frazer's regret that he did not pursue the study of the higher branches so efficiently taught at Transylvania University, although this institution at that time was in its infancy.

In after years he became a great lover of literature, devoting his evenings and other spare moments to natural history, biography, and the standard poets. He was not much given to the reading of fiction, and seldom gave his time to novels, even those by standard writers.

Soon after quitting school his uncle placed him under the tuition of Mr. Matt. H. Jouett, and, after remaining in

his (Jouett's) studio for several months, at the advice of his preceptor he was sent to Philadelphia to prosecute his studies of art under Mr. Thomas Sully. Judging from his letters written from Philadelphia, he seems to have been very low-spirited among strangers, as a youth of twenty would naturally have been. He says "Mr. Grimes and Doctor Black and Doctor Bird (an author of talent) are the only people in whom I can take any pleasure. The people here are much more selfish than with us; if you lived here three months you would see the difference between this place and Kentucky; selfishness is handed down from father to son."

He says that he was much disappointed in the Academy pictures. "Allston's picture of Lazarus restored to life fell short of my expectations, but when I saw one of West's, Allston's looked like life in comparison. The Academy is managed by doctors and lawyers who know nothing about art, and the consequence is people will not send their pictures. There are only two contributors this year, Sully and Otis. The latter has forty pictures, among which are some I would be ashamed of myself. Sully has one that is admirable. It is a full length of a man reclining on a couch." (Here he made a pencil sketch of the picture in his letter which is very pretty and graceful.)

Later he says: "My advantages are so few here that I shall shortly return and take to the brush and the living subject, as they will not allow any of the Academy pictures to be copied, and I have worked long enough at casts and chalk." In the impatience of the student to change from the antique to the "life school" Frazer was no exception; the cold marble and plaster casts were less inspiring. The student, in his reproduction on paper of his breathless subject, feels not the need of hurry, and therefore puts not forth the greatest exertion; but not so in drawing from life, when tardiness would put to trial the sitter's patience.

His uncle then sent him abroad, where he remained four years attending the schools at Paris, Florence, Berlin, and London.

It was in May, 1834, that he left New York for Europe. In his farewell letter to his mother he says: "Before this reaches you I will be on the ocean; I will sail on the 'Francis First,' a splendid ship and bears a gallant name, and will take us safely across."

He visited the galleries in New York before he left, and seemed to be disappointed in the portraits with one exception, that of Commodore Rogers, by Innis. He liked the pictures in Philadelphia much better than those in New York.

He landed at Havre on the 11th of June, and this, his first visit to France, lasted about six months. While in Paris he studied under the same master with George P. R. Healy, with whom ties of friendship were formed that were never broken. In 1846 Mr. Healy was commissioned by Louis Philippe, King of France, to come to America to paint portraits of a number of distinguished statesmen. To paint Clay he came to Lexington, and was for a portion of the time a guest of Mr. Frazer. While there he painted a portrait of himself and presented it to his host. It is truly a masterpiece. His *post-mortem* portrait of Frazer was not so successful; painted from a very indifferent photograph, memory failed to make up what it lacked in modeling and expression. It was disappointing in that it failed to portray the noble qualities of mind and heart which the face of the original so truly reflected.

A gentleman from Lexington met Mr. Healy at the World's Fair at Chicago. He had grown quite old, but was still very interesting. Speaking of Mr. Frazer, he said: "Of all my fellow-students, he is the one who lives most deeply in my affectionate remembrance."

In Paris Frazer met Forrest, the actor, who engaged him to paint his portrait, and quite a cordial friendship between them resulted. He often spoke of Forrest being

in his room in Paris and his reading for him. Upon one occasion he threw himself into a theatrical attitude and said, "Now, do I look like Hercules?" and Frazer replied, "You look like a gladiator."

In the Louvre he met Horace Vernet, and described him as a very bright, interesting-looking man, and a great favorite with the students. Also in the Louvre he saw Talleyrand. He described him as a venerable-looking man with long white hair, and his limbs wrapped in cloths—a victim of the gout. He looked at him with intense interest as the hero of so many great events in the politics of Europe.

As a general thing he did not admire the portraits in Paris; he thought the battle pictures fine. "The French," he says, "are particularly fond of fighting and sanguinary battles; they do both perhaps better than any thing. The picture of this kind that I admire most is the Battle of Wagram. I could scarcely persuade myself that I did not see a real battle. It was painted by order of Louis Philippe for the Versailles Gallery."

He then visited Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, and England, returning to Paris in 1837. In writing from Switzerland he says: "I saw nothing of interest after Paris until I reached the Jura Mountains and saw the Valley of Geneva with the lake winding below and shim-

mering like a silver serpent in the distance. Above it all the snow-covered Alps and Mount Blanc with its head in the clouds. The scenery was altogether the most beautiful I ever saw. The first night I slept opposite the celebrated Castle of Chillon, immortalized by the pen of Byron, with its old gothic dungeon. After leaving Geneva I set out for Milan by the Simplon, that splendid road constructed by Napoleon. It runs for more than a day's journey along the lake."

After being in Italy for some time he writes from Florence: "I often think what a good place this would be to send a young man who is inclined to be intemperate, for here he would find no fellowship in drink. The whole time I have been here I have seen but two drunken men, and they were in the Austrian territory. The light wines of Italy account for this; it takes such a quantity to intoxicate that it is very inconvenient to get drunk. England affords a great contrast to this, and so does France. In London the gin-shops are innumerable and fitted up in such splendid style that they are called 'Gin Palaces.' They are always crowded with men, women, and children, and I was astonished at the number of well-dressed women who frequented these places. A drunken woman is by no means a rare sight in London."

In April, 1835, he writes: "Florence has been exceedingly gay since I wrote you; the last week of the Carnival for frolicking and fooling of all kinds exceeds any thing I ever saw. It is now Lent, and there is to be fasting, praying, and preaching for forty days."

After remaining in Italy for some time he writes that he thinks England the best place to study portraiture. Having heard also that Mr. Sully advised all young art students to go to England, he considered his old preceptor high authority, and, in spite of his uncle's opinion that it would be best for him to remain in Italy, he begs his indulgence in this and sets off for England.

June, 1835, finds him in London, and he writes to his mother: "I am delighted with the English school of pictures, and I have been introduced to Mr. Charles Leslie, the celebrated artist, who has kindly gotten permission for me to draw in the Museum." Mr. Leslie also gave him his card and invited him to see him, of which civility, strange to say, he never took advantage.

Like all people far away from home, he longed to hear every thing and of everybody, and was restive under any advice. To his mother he said: "If your letter had been less like a sermon and more like a newspaper it would have been more interesting. Write me news—no

FRAZER'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.

From a painting by himself.

advice. Why, I myself could give advice that would do no discredit to a preacher, but to be practically good and theoretically so are two different things." Again he says to her: "I am sorry to hear you are losing your teeth; it is a great misfortune, and from what I can learn the best artificial ones are but poor substitutes. I never pass the cases in the dentists' windows without shuddering, for in addition to the horrid sets of artificial teeth of every size and shape with their ghastly vermilion gums, I am forcibly reminded of the dilapidated state of my own grinders. In one of the windows in the Palace Royal are displayed two of the teeth of Napoleon. They are encircled with a wreath of gold, surmounted by the imperial eagle. They look very much like the teeth of an ordinary mortal, but of very small and delicate proportions, but the roots hook outward in such a manner that when extracted they must have created quite a sensation in the imperial jaw."

The thorough course of study and rigid enforcement of principles taught required greater application from Frazer than he had ever experienced. The two years' course in drawing (the grammar of painting) was a trial to his patience, for, like most beginners in the school of art, he was eager to experiment with his brush, coloring, in his opinion, being the most essential.

He was taught that crayon and charcoal, when succeeded by the brush loaded with color, was only a continuation of drawing — the outline sketch, the linear; the modeling in colors, the perspective. The proper location of light and shadow was dependent upon correct drawing. These principles he never forgot. Then, too, the method in coloring was quite different from the instruction of his former preceptor, Mr. Sully, which proved a hindrance rather than an advantage in his studies abroad, yet he never lost sight of the teachings of Jouett as to the setting of his palette.

Acquiring a great proficiency with his brush, he returned to Lexington, where he opened a studio of his own, the walls of which were adorned with copies of many of the masters of the Louvre and other national galleries. One of the copies was "Diana and her Nymphs." It represents the scene where Diana converts Actæon into a stag because of his indelicate intrusion upon them while bathing. While it was morally pure in its grouping, the fastidious female visitors to his studio would hastily pass it by to inspect its neighbors. Not long after its hanging, a lady in the humble walks of life, accompanied by her beautiful daughter of sixteen or seventeen, visited the young artist, not to see his collection, but to engage him to perpetuate on canvas the form and features of the lovely daughter.

Soon after the stipulations had been made regarding the cost of the portrait and number of sittings required, the mother's eyes unfortunately turned to this painting of "Diana and her Nymphs," and she said in rather a positive voice, "Well, sir, if my daughter is to sit for her likeness you must put clothes on those women or take the picture down." So anxious was the young artist to secure the commission that he promised to comply with the conditions, preferring rather to remove it from sight than to clothe the figures. It is hardly necessary to state that the work was as faithfully executed as though the patron had been of the higher stratum of society; and the expression of satisfaction by the mother gave the painter as much pleasure as if bestowed by one better acquainted with works of art.

While he never turned a deaf ear to compliments from any one when sincerely given, yet his natural good sense proved a barrier to the seductive influence of flattery. Besides his accomplishments, his attractive appearance and dignified deportment at once won him a host of friends. Not only young people of his age, but older ones were drawn to him. In stature he was slightly above medium height, and in weight one hundred and forty-five or fifty pounds. He was so symmetrically proportioned that his movements were both graceful and dignified.

He had not long to wait for sitters, receiving encouragement from the first families in the city. His heads commanded the highest price (fifty dollars) charged by the older and more experienced artists of Kentucky at the beginning of his professional career.

In the year 1838 he was married to Miss Martha Bell Mitchell, of Lexington, Kentucky, an unusually sprightly and accomplished lady.

Realizing from the first the pecuniary responsibility of his new relation, he did not wait, then at his easel, on the capricious moods of inspiration at all times as had been his former habit.

Despite his efforts, however, he was unable fully to conquer this disposition. In one of his visits to the studio of the writer (who was then a disciple of his) to inspect the task assigned, he was disappointed at the little progress made and wanted to know the cause. The student's reluctant reply was, "I was just waiting for the spirit to move me." At this response he felt that he himself had been rebuked, and could only rejoin by saying, "Young man, take my precept but shun my example." Like all men of genius largely dependent upon inspiration, his pictures were not always up to his standard of excellence. His best were full of feeling. It is only mechanical painters that are uniform in their work.

Strong male heads were Frazer's delight. In painting the delicate features of the female face it was an exception when his brush was excited to its fullest capacity. He said the majority of women wanted to be made pretty whether nature had or not in this respect been lavish in her endowments. In his execution he was always happy in combining strength with delicacy. Had he had less of the former quality he would have been more successful with his female sitters. The better reason, perhaps, was due to the fact that his high sense of veracity made it difficult, if not impossible, to practice on canvas that which he did not in speech — the retailing of fulsome flattery.

His style had not the breadth to meet the requirements of the demand of the present day. The broad and full brush, with but little or no detail, is the craze of the hour. He certainly would not have been in sympathy with the modern "impressionism"—a style that has been much in vogue but was unknown in his day — and he would have considered it, as does the writer, a perversion of art. Impressionism, properly so called, was the result of a small group of painters in Paris, France, and for a short time it had a great following, but soon lost its distinctive character, since the one problem with which it dealt was out-of-door nature in sunlight. It was a new theory of color resulting from the discovery that

vivid color light excited color impressions upon the optic nerve which did not exist in the scene but were present to the eye, and should be represented as though they really existed. It dealt purely with the color values, real and apparent, and troubled itself with very little else, hence the carelessness as regarded line, light, and shadow or modeling effect on chiaro-oscuro composition and the other qualities which had been regarded as essentials to a picture. In order to lay more stress upon this one feature it endeavored to get light by painting upon an extremely light key of light, and not by contrasts of light and shadow, eliminating the latter as far as possible from the canvas. Substituting contrast of color for contrast of light and dark, they adopted the style which prevailed in decorative art, in which an effect pleasing to the eye was sought, subverting all more serious purposes, and as the latter is intended to have a retiring effect belonging to the second place, the "impressionists" pitched their foreground to correspond in strength to the middle distance, thus avoiding many of the difficulties of representing nature from a nearer view. Such is, briefly, the impression received by the writer of "impressionism." The only distinctively new feature in it was color impression excited by vivid color light, and the attempt to represent nature in motion instead of at rest.

This brief movement was succeeded by several phases terminating in what is now styled the "modernist" or "plain artists," who are endeavoring to graft their principles upon what preceded them of all schools, so far as they can, and still retain a distinctive style. Of the latter school there were some admirable examples as far as they went, their charm consisting in a tender arrangement of color harmony, but lacking in the fullness and satisfying power of the greater schools of painting, while the mass of the latter work is poor — utterly destitute of what is known as "quality of color," and, being the work of men of inferior talent and inadequate technical training, are scarcely to be regarded as fine art at all.

The artists of the new school limit themselves to a few problems of light and color. However good these may be, or however successful the results, it is strange that men of great earnestness and genius are content with an art which does not admit of the fullest expression of their power in every feature that their art is capable of conveying.

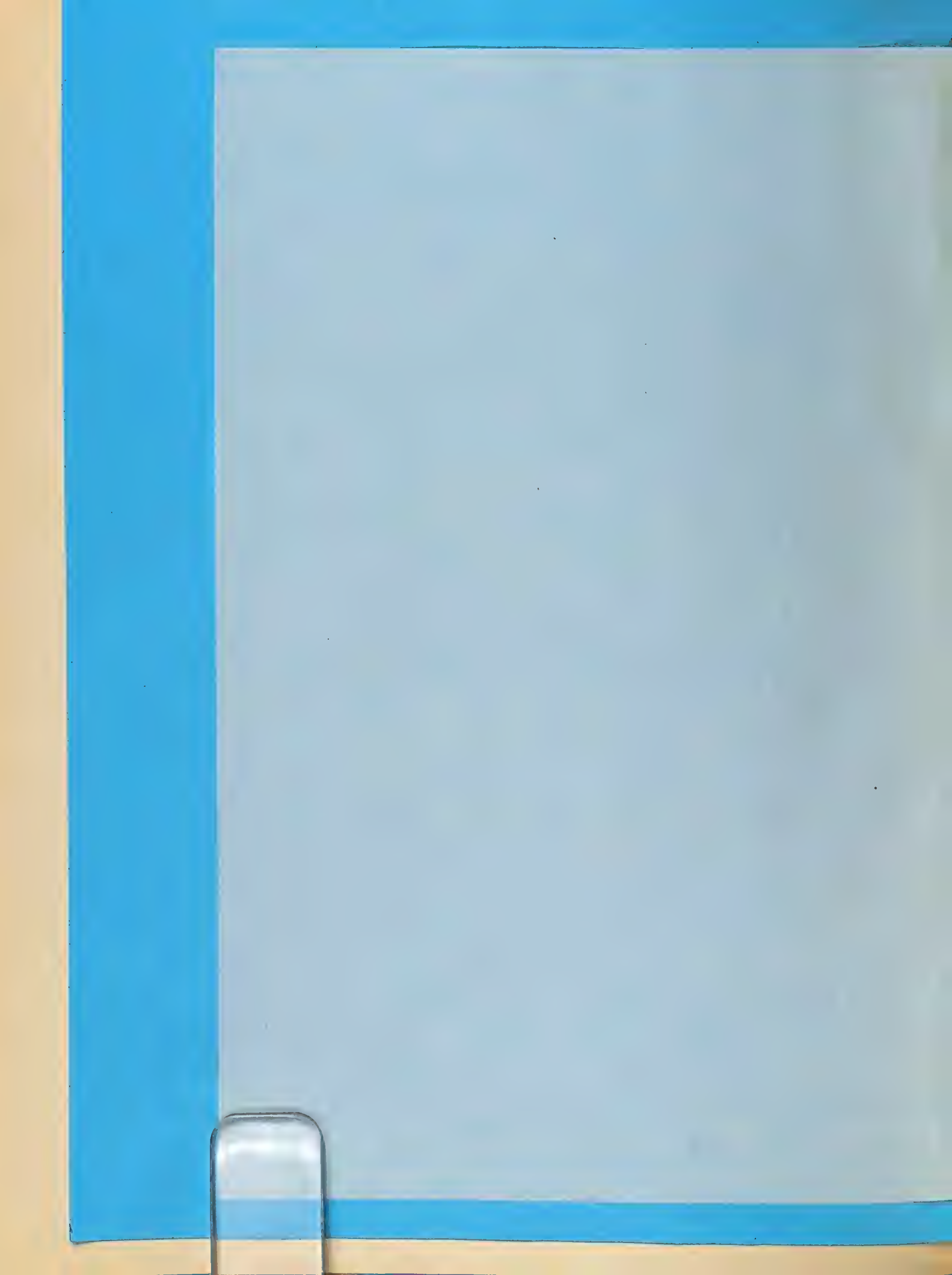
The new art as practiced by the extremist is to the artists of the old school extremely distasteful, but it is not to those we must look for the best results. The conservative man with honest purpose may shape something of permanent value to be added to the traditions

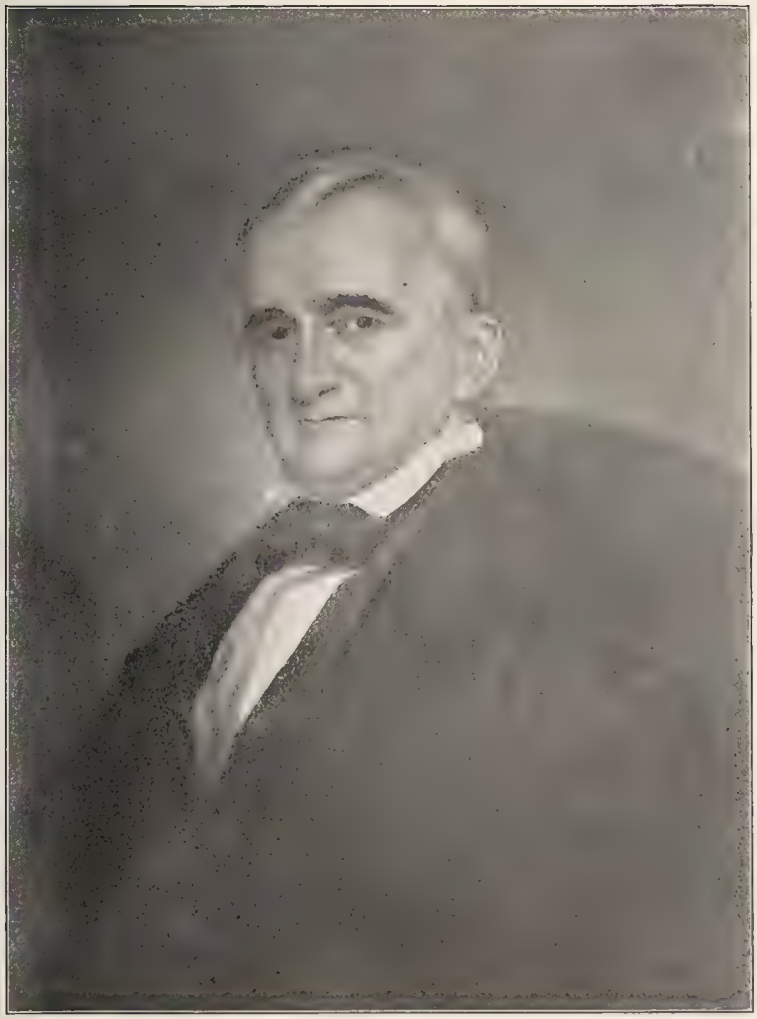
of the past, which is already so rich in its resources, sounding as it does the full gamut of light and color, employing chiaro-oscuro to the full power of the palette; it stirs the soul by its lighter or darker moods, especially in the profound depth and mystery of shadow, touching the superficial and the more serious problems of life, probing to the depths of human thought and emotion as well as the gayer or more tragical aspects of the elements.

There is room for a vast variety in art expression without sacrificing truth. There is no need of narrowness or exclusiveness; only the false and meretricious need be rejected, and all accepted which will bear the test of comparison with a just view of nature. The rarer forms of art expression will always be those in which nature has passed through the medium of a highly sensitized and poetic soul. Thomas Wharton thus amusingly wrote after seeing an exhibition of impressionist pictures:

> And if the purple curfew tolls the knell of the purple day,
> And the purple herd winds slowly upon the purple lea,
> And the purple ploughman homeward plods his purple way,
> You may leave the world to darkness, but do n't leave it to me.

Frazer's best portraits were faultless in drawing, transparent in color, and gradation of modeling masterly.





MATTHEW T. SCOTT.

From an oil painting by Oliver Frazer.

His great admiration of Sir Thomas Lawrence as a head painter caused him continually to strive in imitation of his style, consequently their treatment was not unlike. Morgan, the artist, would often stand back of Frazer when the latter was at work, so much did he admire his coloring. On one occasion, in the hearing of the writer, Morgan exclaimed while watching the masterly strokes of his friend's brush, "Pard, I envy your touch!" Considering the very high estimate Frazer had for this painter, this compliment was highly appreciated. Had he unfavorably criticised his treatment it would have been received in the same spirit, knowing it was not from any unfriendly motive. Unfavorable criticism from a pretender, prompted by sinister motives, was to him naturally repugnant.

On one occasion Frazer's patience was severely tried by an unjust criticism by one of those characters. A gentleman friend on entering the artist's studio one afternoon found him in a very irascible mood, and, on inquiring the cause, he said: "Mrs. ——— called a few moments ago to see her husband's portrait that I had just finished, and because of the folds in the coat and vest condemned it; she must take me to be a d—d tailor." Two coxcombs of the city who prided themselves upon their artistic culture attained in a recent visit to Europe, where they had hastily examined the collections of some of the

prominent galleries, called to see Healy's portrait of General Jackson, and made known the object of their visit in a patronizing manner. Frazer, directing them to the painting that was sitting on the floor next to the copy he had recently painted, left it to them to determine the original. After examining each picture critically one of them remarked to the artist, who was busily engaged before his easel, "Your copy is not up to the original painting," at the same time pointing to Healy's picture. In reply Frazer asked him to look at the name at the lower left-hand corner of the canvas of the one they had condemned. One immediately complied with his request. Upon resuming his perpendicular he remarked to his companion, "Hell, Jim, that is Healy's picture!" After this they both beat a hasty retreat. The feelings of the artist can better be imagined than described.

As before stated, Frazer was not sensitive to friendly criticism when given by one competent to judge, and indeed would often invite it, so little did he value his own work. He was his hardest master, and would hardly ever let a portrait leave his studio, however satisfactory to his patron, if not up to his idea of artistic execution. The disposition to undervalue his own efforts was consequent on innate modesty or the consciousness that his power of execution was inadequate to even moderately portray on

canvas his high conception of nature and the knowledge of true art. In accepting the latter as the most natural reason, modesty must be considered the primary cause. The saying that modesty is an evidence of genius was in him fully confirmed.

As an instance of this, he had painted a splendid portrait of Colonel W. R. McKee, who had fallen while leading his regiment in a charge at the Battle of Buena Vista. His family and friends were greatly delighted with the portrait, but when they desired to take it home the artist insisted it was not finished. All persuasion and argument had failed when a happy device was agreed upon that the decision should rest upon what the Colonel's little daughter, Mattie, would say when first seeing it. The portrait was removed to Mrs. McKee's residence; it was then placed on a chair with proper draperies as one sitting, suitable light having been arranged. The picture was in the parlor, the door left open, while the painter and family and a few eager friends occupied the library adjoining, awaiting the return of the little girl from school. Soon the front door opened; she was heard in the hall; she stopped a moment at the parlor door, and then came running in, saying joyfully, "Mamma, mamma, I always said that my papa would come home again." That settled the question, and a more pleased or gratified

expression seldom lighted up the painter's placid face. So small was the appreciation Frazer had for the result of his own brush, it is not strange that the work of inferior painters should have given him no pleasure, and that he avoided their acquaintance. To the youthful student in art who showed natural talent he was always disposed to give a helping hand, but those who evinced no natural genius he would endeavor to turn into another channel when his advice was asked.

At one time a young apprentice of a house painter sought his advice as to the propriety of his learning to paint the human face instead of acquiring a proficiency in graining. The artist endeavored to convince him that it required more than a mechanical use of the brush to become a good portrait painter; that talent was necessary for success in its attainment. This the apprentice thought he possessed, and requested the permission to bring one of his paintings for the artist's inspection. The request being granted, the apprentice started immediately for the "gem" (?). On his entrance to the studio he set it down on the floor next to another portrait. He had not more than put it in position when a gentleman friend of Frazer's entered, followed by his Newfoundland dog. The animal at once sighted this picture, set up a growl, then approached it and with his huge paw knocked it

over. After this performance he demurely moved to the opposite side of the room and quietly laid down. This act of the canine so affected the risibilities of the owner that he had not the composure to ask pardon or to readjust the property of the apprentice. The latter hastily picked it up, placed it under his arm, and made an unceremonious exit from the room. Scarcely had the door been closed when the owner of the dog burst out afresh, but with more volume of voice, joined in this time by the host, who was unable longer to suppress his mirth, for he, too, had a keen sense of the ridiculous. As soon as the guffaw had subsided, the painter asked his friend how much money he would take for this animal, saying, "He is the smartest dog I ever saw ; he is a fine art critic —he can tell a daub at first sight." This instance tended to enhance the already high appreciation he had of the canine. His fondness for domestic animals, especially the dog and cat, was almost a passion. To him it was a pleasant pastime to study their habits and watch their gambols. The thorough knowledge of the racer made him the best of authority as to the registration of the thoroughbred. Wit being a natural accompaniment of genius, Frazer possessed it in an unmeasurable degree. Since it was of satirical mould, he was always careful in handling the formidable weapon lest he might inflict more

than a surface wound. Like light and shadow he so skillfully treated in his pictures, his vivacity of spirits was interrupted with periods of mental depression. When in his happiest frame of mind he was delightful company — his fine conversational powers, his sparkling wit, and general intelligence, with a tenacious memory, attracting all classes to him, and especially the most cultivated of both sexes.

Mr. Henry Clay pronounced him one of the most entertaining persons he ever knew. When he sat to him for his portrait he was less restless than when being painted by any other artist. So well versed was the artist in politics (being of the party of his distinguished sitter), he could talk to this great statesman entertainingly on matters of State. This doubtless accounts for the success of the portrait. Mr. Clay thought it the best ever painted of him, and evinced his sincerity by recommending it to his admiring friends. The result was that the artist secured three orders for copies. This portrait was not superior, in point of artistic merit, to others from his brush. The ones called to mind are those of Chief Justice George Robertson; Mr. M. T. Scott, President of the Bank of Kentucky; Mr. Joel T. Hart, the sculptor, and the family group consisting of his own wife and two infant children. Any one of the portraits mentioned

would have given their author a world-wide reputation had they been exhibited abroad. His great mistake was in locating himself in so small a place as Lexington. The horizon was too contracted for one of his genius. Had he lived in New York or Boston, the art atmosphere would have stimulated him to greater exertion. The constant contact with other painters and the inspecting of their works would have excited in him more of a spirit of rivalry and less disposition to copy himself all the while. His brush was less prolific in his latter years because of impaired vision.

On the 9th of February, 1864, after an illness of several months, he was summoned to lay down his palette and brush forever. Although confined to the house for several months prior to his death — caused by a disordered liver and impaired circulation — the final summons was a surprise to both his family and friends. His death cast a pall over Lexington and throughout the State. He was one of Kentucky's favorite sons. The State should have placed his and Jouett's remains alongside of those of Hart in the State Cemetery at Frankfort, and over the remains placed a shaft of granite in honor of three of Kentucky's best artists. But it is perhaps best that his ashes were not disturbed, for they now lie in the beautiful cemetery at Lexington among his

friends and relatives, to remain in peace until the clarion call of the archangel. A modest and appropriate marble column, erected at the instance of his affectionate widow, marks his grave, and on it is inscribed the last verse from the beautiful poem in memoriam written by his life-long friend, Mrs. Catherine Warfield, of Lexington. The poem is as follows:

It came upon us like the thunder's roll,
  In an unclouded sky, when winds are low;
And wild rebellious words, without control,
  Gave the first utterance to our bitter woe;
But soon the thought of that supernal bliss,
  The heavenly portion now of one who led
A life so pure, so sanctified as his,
  Brought a just sense of what we owe the dead,
And we rejoiced with his enfranchised soul.

'Tis for the living that our tears are shed,
  Those that he cherished with a love so true,
Who, for the want of that divinest bread,
  The heart's best aliment — Heaven's honey dew,
Shall pine and languish wearily and long
  Before affection's hunger is allayed
By Heavenly manna, and the calm and strong
  Ameliorating hand of time is laid
On hearts that may not now be comforted.

So, gentle spirit, never more on earth
  Shall purer essence dwell in mortal mould,
Or sweeter influence fall o'er home and hearth
  Than it was thine to shed. The form is cold
That in its fragile bonds contained thee here,
  But on the wings of morning hast thou sped,
In thy triumphant flight from sphere to sphere,
  And Genius, once earth-bound and limited,
Is wakened now to an immortal birth.

The funeral took place from Christ Episcopal Church, Lexington. The services were conducted by the Reverend Doctor Shipman. Some of the pall-bearers were Mr. Richard Higgins, Doctor Llewellyn Tarlton, Mr. William A. Dudley, Mr. William Warfield, Alexander Jeffrey, and J. J. Hunter.

The following obituary sketches appeared in the Lexington and Louisville press:

DIED,

On the morning of Saturday, February 9th, at his residence, near Lexington, Oliver Frazer, Esquire, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Mr. Frazer was a painter and true artist. He loved his profession for its own sake far more than for its pecuniary gains. He was diffident of his own powers to an extreme degree. His taste, naturally delicate, was refined by intimate acquaintance with the best productions of the ancient and modern schools. He was not readily content with his own labors; their defects, magnified by his critical eye, gave him more pain than he derived

pleasure from their excellencies which delighted others. He had little ambition or desire for riches. His pencil was therefore never prolific, and for several years before his death his defective vision had caused its almost entire relinquishment. Few of his pictures are known to the public, but they are of very rare merit. Other artists who knew his powers have said that he only did enough to indicate what he could have done.

It is as a man, however, that we wish to speak of him. He was honest and straight-forward, and had a lofty scorn for every thing base or mean. He was kind, affectionate, and true. He had traveled much in early life, and knew men of every profession in different lands. His reading in art and general literature was extensive beyond that of most men. His retentive memory had its stores always at command. His manners were perfectly simple and unaffected. Coupled with these his sparkling wit and charming powers of narration made him often an instructive and always a delightful companion.

If nothing is said of his domestic life it is only because these are precincts too sacred to be trodden here.

He had few intimate associates; his retiring modesty forbade an extensive acquaintance, but by them he was highly prized and dearly loved. They offer this last poor tribute to his memory.

To all of us his death was sudden and unexpected — a sore calamity and heavy loss. In the words of his own favorite author —

> We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
> That darkly rules the fate of all,
> That sends the respite or the blow,
> That's free to give or to recall.

DEATH OF A KENTUCKY ARTIST.

(From the Louisville Journal.)

We are much pained at the announcement in the Lexington papers of the death of the gifted Oliver Frazer. His spark of life went gently out on the 9th instant, at his residence near that city. He leaves an interesting family, and has gone into the "undiscovered country" lamented by thousands who appreciated his genius, his fine social qualities and vigorous intellect. In many respects Oliver Frazer was a remarkable man. At an early age he commenced painting as a pupil of Kentucky's great artist, Matthew Jouett, and evidence of rare genius was soon developed. Mr. Jouett died, and young Frazer left for Europe to catch the inspiration of the old masters in the famed galleries of the Continent. He passed several years of his life at Florence, Dresden, Paris, and Rome, and in the very shadow of the Vatican plied himself to the profession to which his energies were to be devoted. After finishing his studies abroad he returned to Kentucky and was promptly met by the warm encouragement so invigorating to young ambition.

His success as a portrait painter was marked. From his studio have gone forth many splendid specimens of art — some unsurpassed. Frazer's Henry Clay, without disparaging the efforts of the many who have attempted the features of the "great Commoner," is beyond doubt the Clay of all yet painted, for while in daily contact with Mr. Clay he succeeded in catching the living, breathing expression — the fire, the soul of the mighty man — and has, as by a magic stroke, left to the world a picture which, to coming time, will daily be more precious. To have painted such a picture of such a man is surely fame enough. But as a social, cultivated gentleman, the subject of this sketch was particularly striking. In conversation he was truly brilliant, with sufficient eccentricity to render his manner fascinating in the extreme. Having been a constant reader of the best class of works, and gifted by nature with a tenacious

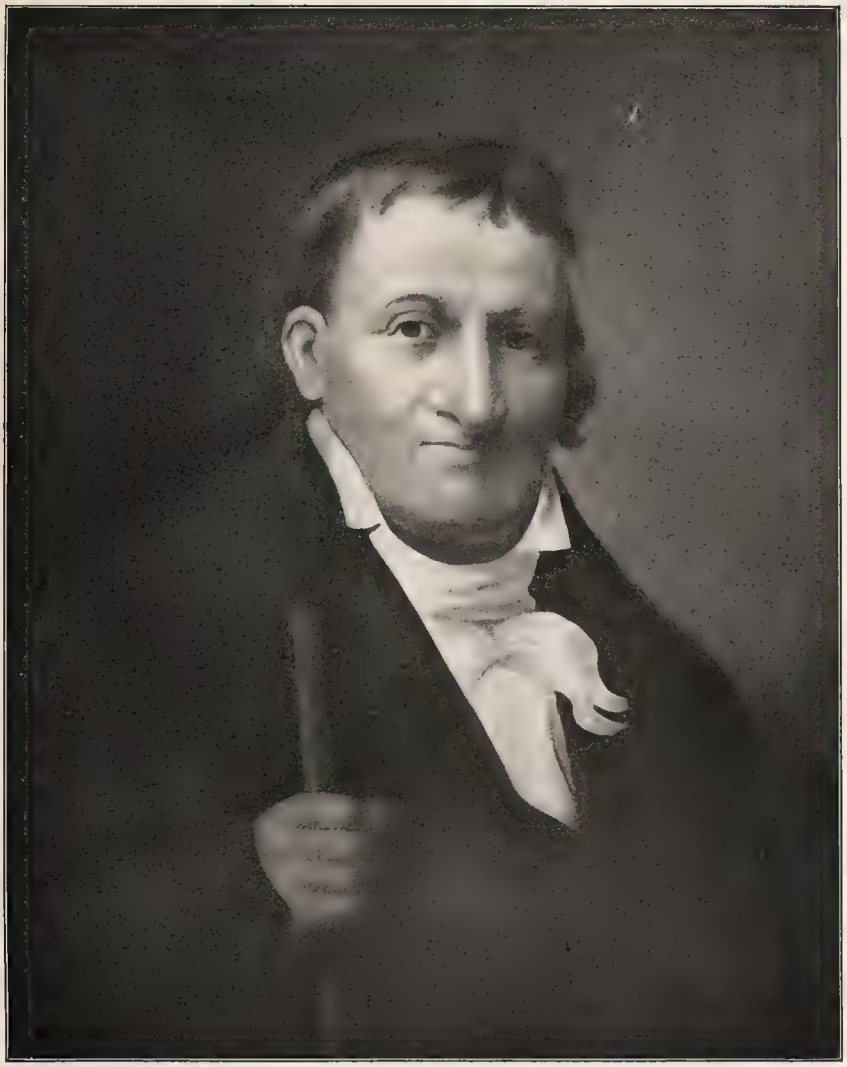
memory, he was one of the most entertaining of men, few possessing such powerful control of language.

He was original in all things, imitating in nothing, and eccentric even to the standard of a genius. Though well informed and talented, he had no faith in his own superior powers. Unfortunately for art his eyesight was imperfect for many years towards the close of his life. In him much has been lost: Art has lost a gifted contributor, society a just and generous gentleman, and our State a son of whose genius and worth she well may be proud.

Out of seven children, only four (daughters) survived him. At this writing only three are living, Miss Fanny having died in the year 1878 at the age of thirty-two.

Mrs. Frazer and two unmarried daughters still reside on the small farm about three miles northwest of Lexington, where Mr. Frazer spent most of his married life. Mrs. Redd, the third daughter, lives in the suburbs at a convenient distance from her husband's place of business in the city. The Frazers' homestead is a substantial brick building with no great architectural pretense. The natural and artificial environments make it so picturesque that the visitor, on first seeing it, is struck with its appropriateness as the abode of an artist. The walls of the rooms are covered with works of art, principally portraits. Besides those from Frazer's easel, there are several heads by Jouett and Healy.

LOUIS MORGAN



SIMON KENTON.

From an oil painting by Louis Morgan, owned by Colonel R. T. Durrett.

Louis Morgan[1]

THE historian, in his effort to obtain the locality of the subject of his biography, is determined by the State of his adoption rather than of his birth — just as the individual right to an adopted child, whose bodily support and moral and mental training are credited to the foster parent, is paramount, the natural parent only claiming the right of progenitor. Besides this, the consciousness that the child recognizes no other parental authority to be superior is conclusive, though the validity of the title is not made void by his opposition.

Kentucky's claim to the great Commoner, the sage of Ashland, is superior to that of Virginia, the State of his nativity. For the same reason Kentucky can not find fault justly with the State of Illinois for claiming Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President, but is satisfied with the knowledge that his advent on earth was made within her borders. For a like reason, also, Kentucky claims Louis

[1] Read before The Filson Club, October 1, 1900.

Morgan as one of her sons, despite his objection to being thus classed. Although the major part of this artist's life was given to Kentucky, he was always loyal in his allegiance to his native State. This was in a large measure due to his anti-slavery principles. Being a native of a free State, his environments and youthful training were so much in opposition to the institution that he never became reconciled to its existence.

He was born in Mount Pleasant, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, on the twenty-first day of November, 1814. As no family record was preserved, there is but little knowledge as to his parentage, and the little known is traditional. His mother was the only member of his family of whom he was wont to speak.

He was ever fond of referring to his mother, and in the most tender and affectionate terms. He not infrequently spoke with tears in his eyes of the bad treatment his mother received at his hands in his youthful days, confessing that he did not recognize her right to require obedience, and that he presumed too much on her amiable disposition. The sowing of his wild oats before he had reached his majority was not deemed a sufficient atonement to satisfy his much-disturbed conscience, and it was a source of deep regret to him that she did not live long enough to witness his reformation.

It is natural to presume that if his father had applied the rod of correction more vigorously it might have saved the mother much anguish of spirit and anxiety for the future of her wayward boy, and him the pungent remorse of after years.

After all, he never admitted that he was the worst of boys—a terror to the neighborhood. The truth is, he was not as good as Oliver Twist nor as bad as the more modern Tom Sawyer. His badness was not of the malicious type, being more of omission than commission.

The commendable efforts in charcoal and chalk by the juvenile artist proved rather an annoyance than a gratification to his mother, for the reason that they caused a diversion from the task assigned him at home and in school. The attempt on the part of the parents and teacher to apply the brake to the excessive indulgence of this propensity developed in him a sullen opposition.

An additional cause for his mother's dissatisfaction was the use of the walls and fences of the residence for the exhibition of his precocious talent, and the more she would protest, the more grotesque would be the figures. And in illuminating the engravings in the family books with colored crayon he never waited for a commission, but his performances were gratuitous. In her extremity a friend came to her relief by furnishing her incorrigible

boy canvas and a few colors and brushes. As the canvas proved a better surface for his labors, he gave the walls and fences a rest, and the book illustrations he ceased to embellish.

Lest, from the preceding account of the conduct of young Louis, the impression has been made on the mind of the reader that the occasional disobedience amounted to rebellion to parental authority by refusing to do manual service when commanded and to perform tasks required by his school-master, it is but just to say he did what he was directed to do both at home and at school, but not with alacrity.

Had he, in addition to the regular domestic duties, been left in charge of a little baby sister while his mother had gone a-shopping, and in her absence had drawn a picture of the little innocent while asleep, as did the boy Benjamin West, his mother might have had a better appreciation of his genius, and, therefore, been more patient with him.

Notwithstanding the fact that part of his time during school hours was given to sketching, he was never behind in his lessons, and at the end of the term he received favorable reports of his standing in his studies.

His scholastic advantages were not of the highest order, though the best that his parents' limited circum-

stances would justify. Small as his opportunities were in acquiring a classical education, he, however, expressed regret in mature years that he did not diligently improve the time. It was, nevertheless, comforting to him that what he lacked in academic acquirements he supplied by literary capital gained in his bachelor days.

The Bible and Shakespeare were his favorite books, and from the latter he could repeat from memory passage after passage with much dramatic effect.

It was the opinion of those competent to judge, that, had the bent of his ambition been directed to the stage, he would have made as great a success as he did in the one of the triple sisters of fine arts that he chose for his profession. Besides his elocutionary powers, his fine volume and flexibility of voice made it possible.

The same might have been as truly said of his success in music had his ear been cultivated. His musical talents were more especially made manifest by his superior whistling powers. This accomplishment proved a great help to him when he had children as sitters, as he could better engage their attention and thereby secure their happiest expression. The perfect imitation of the mocking-bird, its trills and warbles, never failed to delight them.

When alone in his studio at work he would frequently be heard from without exercising this power, and the

occasion for it would be when he had accomplished a satisfactory effect in color.

The closing of school days was then, as it is now, an important epoch in the history of the young man — it being the transition from youth to manhood. The freedom from the restraints of the school-room would soon be followed by emancipation from parental authority. To launch thus his boat in the voyage of life, exposed to perilous rocks and breakers, is a serious occasion with most young men. The choice of a trade or profession by which to maintain a livelihood is a difficulty that meets him at the threshold. But not so with young Morgan. Nature, as he believed, had chosen a profession for him. She had instructed him to be a painter.

It is decidedly advantageous to one's success in life when the road to it is pointed out by the hand of nature. Adapted to the pursuit in life of one's adoption, its prosecution is less difficult. The mountains of difficulties are to be made low and the crooked paths straight. The love of the true painter and musician for their respective professions makes the practice of them pleasurable pastime. The painter who loves his profession experiences as much pleasure during the progress of his work as the money paid for it when accomplished will yield him, "filthy lucre" being of secondary importance.

While only a banker, or one with a big bank account, can be a patron of the best of this profession, yet the artist's advice is never asked on questions of finance, nor is he ever recommended for the position of bank director.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan removed to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, taking their son Louis, then about sixteen years of age, with them. The boy was at once placed in charge of a chair painter as an apprentice, and in a short time acquired such a proficiency in this trade that he was required to do all the ornamentation.

Mr. William Wall, who was a wood-carver of the same city, and who was educated at Oxford, England, made the acquaintance of young Morgan, and was so much impressed with his talents that he had great influence over him during the early steps of his career. He was quite competent to appreciate the worth of the young painter, as he himself had in England, his native country, become acquainted with the best English artists and their productions. Morgan did not hesitate to take his advice, but at the very beginning was confronted with obstacles, for there were no art schools in Pittsburgh nor any local artist to go to for instruction (it had at that time a population of only twenty thousand), and it was only from occasional visits of foreign painters that he could get any aid. Therefore he was compelled to depend upon his

own natural resources in the development of his genius. These visiting artists in the inspection of his efforts were so highly commendatory that it was not long before there was a demand for his portraits.

About the age of twenty his reputation was not limited to Pittsburgh, for a portrait by him exhibited in Philadelphia brought him to the attention of the publishers of the work entitled "National Portrait Gallery," and so much were the publishers pleased with his work that they commissioned him to proceed to Ohio to paint a portrait of Simon Kenton, the pioneer and adventurer. He found Kenton at his humble home, and on making known to him the object of his visit, he at once consented to give the artist the necessary sittings. Morgan became so greatly enthused by the strong features and healthy complexion of his subject that in a week or two he made a perfect counterpart of his patient sitter. As it was in the winter time, he represented him holding an old broom handle burnt at one end, occasioned by using it to stir up the big log fire. During his sittings the old pioneer was so much interested in narrating his marvelous adventures among the redskins of Kentucky and Ohio (especially the thirteen times he was forced to run the gauntlet when a prisoner of the Indians) that the painter had not the usual difficult task of trying to entertain the

sitter while he painted. He was only a listener while he portrayed on canvas the original. After the work was completed it was boxed and sent to the publishers at Philadelphia. They were so delighted with the painting that they at once had it engraved by R. W. Hodson. After the engraver had completed the copy it was sent to an art exhibition in the Academy of Fine Arts. On hanging day the painting, being by a wholly unknown artist, was "skyed." When the exhibition was opened to artists and judges, a Mr. Darley, one of the recognized artists of the time, in examining the collection caught sight of Mr. Morgan's picture. He sent to those in charge, told them of the impression it made on himself, and insisted that it be put at such a height as would reveal its merits. When it was so placed it was at once adjudged to be the painting of the whole exhibition. This at once brought him into great favor with the Philadelphia artists.

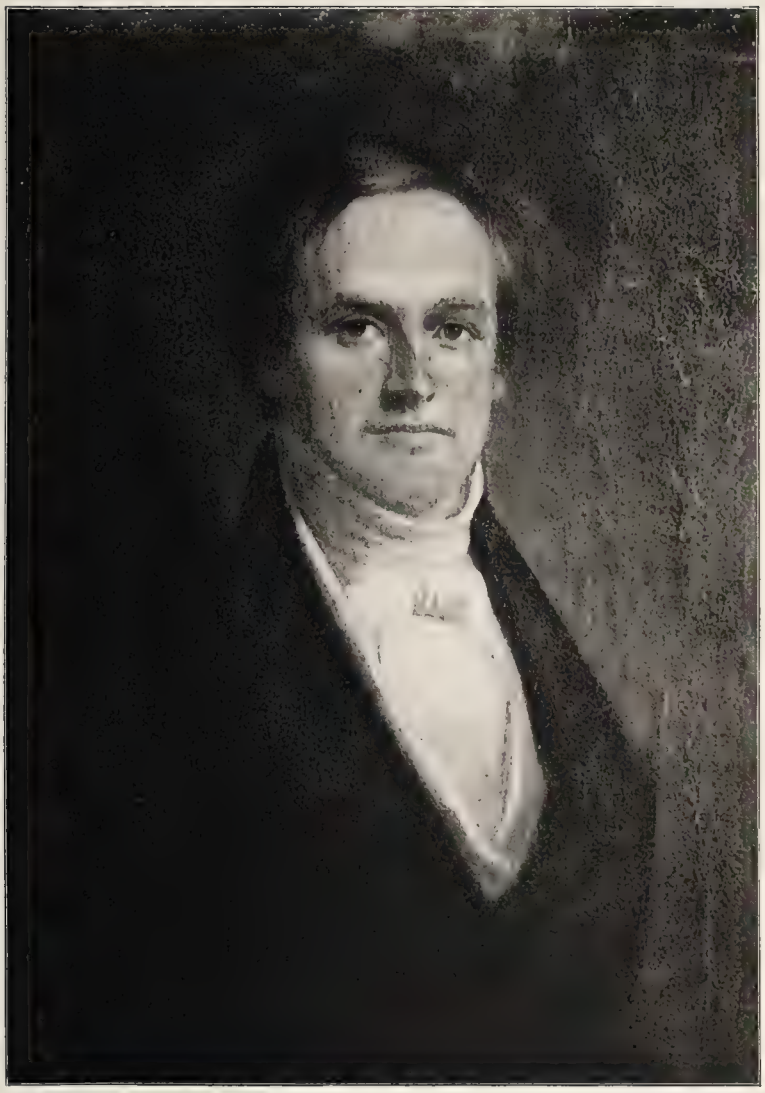
The portrait is now in the possession of the family of the late James B. Yenocre, of Philadelphia.

Morgan, before giving up his subject, painted a portrait of him for his own studio. After taking leave of Kenton he went to Louisville, at which place he opened a studio, and the portrait of Kenton, which he placed on exhibition, so soon brought him into the notice of the citizens

that he did not have to wait long for orders. In this city he remained for a year or more painting some of the prominent families of the place. Among his patrons were the Bullocks and Joyeses, which portraits are yet in the possession of the respective families. The best example of his skill in child portraiture, in which he was peculiarly happy, is a three-quarter-length figure of Mr. Patrick Joyes when but nine years of age, which is now in the possession of the original.

From Louisville he went to Frankfort, Kentucky, and was there engaged in painting for several months. His work was so much in demand in that part of the State that he was invited by the late Reverend R. J. Breckinridge, then pastor of Mount Horeb Church, in Fayette County, to paint his portrait and the members of his family. After this commission was completed he was engaged to paint the portraits of Mr. David Castleman and family in the same neighborhood, and among the number was a portrait of General John B. Castleman when a child.

The desire of the prosperous farmers of this beautiful bluegrass section to possess the work of this artist almost assumed the proportions of an epidemic, and it was with some impatience that the neighboring planters waited their turn to secure his services. When he received an



Reverend WILLIAM L. BRECKINRIDGE, D. D.

Painted by Louis Morgan.

order he would go to the residence of the one to be put on canvas, and never was in haste to get through with his commission; he would labor for weeks on the subject, and, if it did not suit him, would cast the production aside and begin again. This would often be repeated several times before he was satisfied with the result.

Hope was an important factor in the mental structure of Morgan. It was not only a support to him in failure but a stimulus to greater efforts—an *ignis fatuus* that led him through a slough of disappointments. On meeting him on Main Street, in Lexington, Kentucky, on one occasion just as he had purchased a supply of brushes, he remarked to the author after his usual cordial salutation: "Price, I hold in my hand instruments to immortal fame." While this faculty of mind was a controlling factor in his profession, it failed in a love affair which will appear later on.

As he was a fine conversationalist, genial and easy in manner, it was regarded as a privilege to have him in the home. This peculiar disposition was made more manifest when employed to paint the family of Mrs. D——, a widow, who lived on her farm in the vicinity of Mount Horeb Church. Morgan was two or three years in the execution of six or seven portraits. This

tardiness was perhaps attributable to his having fallen a victim to the charms of one of her daughters just emerged from her teens, rather than to fastidiousness on his part in the treatment of his work. When it became her turn to sit for the young and accomplished artist he required more sittings than usual, and each sitting was more protracted than was necessary in the painting of the other members of the family. Being unsuccessful in satisfactorily portraying on canvas the beauty of her face after many days' sittings, he would take up a new canvas and begin the work over again, to the great weariness of his subject. So much did he become enamored of Miss D—— that he began to be suspicious of the designs of her other male admirers — for she had many — and it so excited his jealousy that he would hardly treat them with common civility when in their company. He was not slow to express to her his suspicions and disapproval of the favor shown to his rivals. This finally became intolerable to the young lady when on one occasion he remonstrated with much emphasis in regard to the favor given to a young gentleman who was successful in winning her hand. She firmly resented his interference, which resulted in his departure from her home, even in his leaving Kentucky for his brother's farm in Montgomery County, Tennessee.

To his credit it may be said that his disappointment in not winning the much-coveted prize did not cause him to inflict corporal punishment on his successful rival, as did his sitter, Simon Kenton, to his competitor in a courtship before he fled for the wilds of Kentucky. But he was less philosophical in the rejection, for, if rumor is to be relied upon, in a short time after he arrived in Montgomery County, Tennessee, he died of a broken heart, and was buried on his brother's farm. This was in the fall of 1852.

The verses by Sir Walter Scott, written after his failure to secure the hand of Lady Wilhelmina Stewart Forbes, might be applicable to poor Morgan :

> Toll the bell ; greatness is o'er ;
> The heart is broke to ache no more.
> An unsubstantial pageant all !
> Drop o'er the scene the funeral pall.

Other examples might be given where bachelor artists had similar experiences to that of Morgan but had the manhood to brave their disappointment. Sir Joshua Reynolds was the champion of Angelica Kaufman even after he was a rejected suitor. Then the love experiences of Michael Angelo might be given as a striking example of heroic resignation. In the failure to win the heart of the noble and beautiful Princess Vittoria Colonna he was

not driven into the slough of despond, but found solace in the fact of her loyalty to the memory of her much-lamented husband, which proved a barrier against the importunities of other lovers.

Morgan might truly be said to have been a child of nature, and no living artist was more thoroughly original; the inspiration is all his own. He was almost a self-taught painter, followed no master and led no school.

As in other professions such geniuses owe their success in their respective callings to their own unaided study, so many examples in art might be given of this fact here in America. Among the most striking illustrations of artists who rose to great prominence are Charles Elliott, of New York City, a portrait painter, and in landscape painting, L. F. Church, of the same city, who still lives; "the painter of those strange compositions where the birds of the air and the beasts of the field bow to the spell of some pure and graceful type of maidenhood."

Raphael and Michael Angelo rose superior to their opportunities and environments, in that their individuality was preserved. Ruskin's advice to art students when visiting Rome was not to copy Raphael, but to study what he had studied. To this excellent advice

might be supplemented admonitions to the student not to substitute for his own style, if one is formed, that of another, however superior to his own, for so doing will be at the expense of freedom of touch and a sacrifice of characteristic treatment. The writer could mention three Kentucky artists whose canvases after their return from their study abroad painfully revealed a retrogression on this account. That self-taught painters have risen to distinction is not an argument against art academies, any more than it is against institutions of learning that Abraham Lincoln and Dwight Moody, one a statesman and the other an evangelist, rose to distinction independent of collegiate training. Art academies have their advantages, in as much as they give the experience of the teacher in methods which, without instruction, the student would have to acquire by experiment; thereby treading over the same path their preceptor had traveled, besides the advantages of contact with other students, and the consequent rivalry which should not be undervalued.

Morgan, like Elliott and Church, had a wonderful instinctive knowledge of the complement of colors and their relative values, consequently a perfect balance was preserved, however opposite were the pigments. By this means harmony was always maintained, resulting in

perfect tone. This power enabled him to give a strong and vigorous touch with a loaded brush. His natural feeling for color not infrequently proved a detriment to good drawing; for, having accomplished a pleasing effect in color, he would not correct bad drawing lest the harmony and transparency of the coloring be impaired. Had he had the advantages of early training at the best art schools, he would have been taught that correct drawing was of primary importance. The majority of Morgan's heads, however, show that he was by no means a deficient draftsman. He would sit down to his easel at the beginning of each day's work with no set palette, preferring to make the combination of color suggested by nature. His manipulation of pigments and the application of them to canvas was largely a matter of inspiration. He was hardly ever able to give an intelligent answer when asked how he produced a certain happy effect of color.

When asked on one occasion by a young mechanical portrait painter how he produced a very pleasing result of color in a picture just completed, his characteristic but laconic reply was: "Linseed oil and brains, sir." To this would-be painter Morgan, on a subsequent occasion, gave an object-lesson to show that material had but little value when one possessed not the

knowledge of its application. This was when he joined Morgan and the writer one summer afternoon at Lexington, Kentucky, in a walk. After the young painter had eloquently discussed the merits of palettes to the disgust of Morgan, the latter took the brush from the hands of an old colored man, who was engaged in whitewashing a solid plank fence, and, dipping it into the bucket of whitewash, applied it to that part of the fence which the darky had not touched, and in a short time produced a picture of a water mill and dam. Having accomplished his work, he took hold of the young man (who was of diminutive size) by the coat collar, and, jerking him back about ten or twelve feet, asked him: "What is that, sir?" The reply was: "Mill and mill dam." Then the painter replied: "Don't say any thing more to me about the setting of palettes." Had the young interrogator been encouraged to ask other questions, he would have perhaps inquired of Morgan how he was enabled, in his breadth of treatment, to give at the same time the detail necessary to perfect modeling which his pictures always possessed.

It is related of Michael Angelo that on an especial occasion, when discussing art with a few Florentine friends, he remarked that the hand of genius was not dependent on the quality of material used in the

production of the work of art. The earth being at this time covered with snow, the great sculptor proposed to demonstrate the truth of his declaration by erecting a colossal statue in the court-yard of his friend, Buonarroti using snow as his material. The work was, with great energy, at once begun, and in an incredibly short time was completed. Scarcely had the finishing touches been given when the inhabitants of Florence flocked to behold this novel but masterly creation. Though a "thing of beauty," it could not be called a "joy forever," for after the third day its symmetrical proportions were compelled to yield to the soluble influences without.

In personal appearance the subject of this sketch bore a striking resemblance to the late Judge Aaron K. Woolley, a leading member of the Lexington bar. He was as erect, though slightly taller, and a few pounds heavier; his complexion and eyes being dark, and his hair black and long. His demeanor, like Judge Woolley's, was dignified and his movements graceful.

May the plowshare of the husbandman never make level the mound beneath which the ashes of Morgan lie, lest the hand of affection and esteem may not be able to know the spot where to occasionally drop a flower, is the sincere prayer of the author.

JOEL T. HART

Introduction

THE morning of the fourteenth of May, 1897, was a sad day for the citizens of Lexington, Kentucky, because of the burning of their costly court-house. And, indeed, for our whole country, when the lifework of Joel T. Hart, "Woman Triumphant," succumbed to the merciless elements — fire and water. At the moment when the startling cry, "The court-house is burning!" was given, Mr. Edmond Shelby had finished reading to the writer a chapter of romance from the life of Hart. The first impulse of the listener was to exclaim, "Oh, that statue!" In the estimation of the public the destruction of invaluable records was of secondary importance to the loss of this beautiful art treasure, and but for the belief that the original mould of the model had been preserved their grief would have been irreconcilable.

The association of ladies at Lexington, Kentucky, whose President was Mrs. W. C. P. Breckinridge (*nee* Desha), deceased, purchased for the small sum of five

thousand dollars from Tiffany & Company, of New York, his last and great composition, for which the sculptor himself had refused twenty thousand dollars while it was yet in clay. But, unfortunately, he died before giving the finishing touches to his model, and, in consequence, the completion of it was left to Saul, an English sculptor, who was his pupil and executor.

It is of doubtful propriety that the Temple of Justice was in the first place chosen for the permanent abode of this priceless production. To have made it appropriate, a statue of the Goddess of Justice, its complement, should have been placed near it in order to combine the twin qualities, love and justice — the two great attributes of man's divine Creator.

Mrs. Eliza B. Woodward, one of Lexington's oldest and most honored residents, recently deceased, so admired and valued this statue that she objected to its being placed in the court-house, and, in her large-hearted philanthropy, offered to build a fire-proof annex to the City Library, which offer was unfortunately not accepted.

JOEL T. HART.

Photographed from life.

Joel T. Hart[1]

GENIUS, impelled by the motor power of ambition, overcomes all difficulties in its progress, as the locomotive impelled by steam power overcomes with lightning speed the natural laws of resistance, friction, and gravitation. Thus it was with Hart as he scaled alone and unaided the rugged heights of art.

The true saying that a poet is born, not made, is applicable to the sculptor, and not a more striking example of this truth could be found than the subject of this sketch. Born and reared in the primitive days of his State, and not many years after it had emerged from its swaddling-clothes, his native genius began to assert itself, and without instruction and without art surroundings he overcame all obstacles, reaching the highest prominence in his profession, not surpassed by the Grecian or the Roman sculptors of the ancient, the medieval, or the modern age.

Joel Tanner Hart was born in Clark County, Kentucky, not far from Winchester, on the tenth day of

[1] Read before The Filson Club, June 7, 1897.

February, 1810. His father, Josiah Hart, a pioneer of Kentucky, began life as a civil surveyor, in which occupation he attained great proficiency, and found it to be fairly remunerative, and on account of his high character, integrity, sobriety, and intelligence great confidence was placed in him by his associates. He assisted in the erection of one of the block-houses built to resist the incursions of the Indians; he constructed the first flatboat for the transportation of the produce of the farmers in his part of the State; but his most important work consisted in aiding to construct the iron-works on Slate Creek.

Josiah Hart received from his father eight hundred acres of land, embracing the present site of Winchester and lying north of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, awarded him for military service. Owing to his over-confidence in the integrity of an agent who superintended the shipment of produce to New Orleans, he was soon brought to financial ruin.

The adversity of fortune made it impossible for the parents of Joel to give him a liberal education. The advantage of three months' schooling was all he obtained, but at night he diligently studied the English rudiments, assisted by his brothers, who had previously acquired a scholastic education. So great was his progress that

before he had emerged from his teens he was enabled to teach grammar, rhetoric, and mathematics.

Judith Tanner, the mother of Joel, had great strength of mind and the best mental training her opportunities afforded, and, withal, deep piety. She sustained the noble qualities of her Virginia ancestors. As an instance of her strength of character and Christian conscientiousness, she would not retain in servitude the slaves inherited from her mother. These sterling attributes were immediately traceable to her mother, who, on account of her dignity of deportment, was known by the sobriquet of "Lady Tanner." It is not to be wondered at, then, that the gifted son of Judith Tanner should commence his career with a proper impulse of his duty toward God and his fellow-men.

His proclivities for sculpture were early developed. When at the age of five or six he would occupy parts of each day in modeling with his fingers animals in clay, and, for one of his age, succeeded astonishingly well in giving the anatomy of a horse. So alluring was this occupation to him that his boy companions could scarcely get him to join them in games of marbles or ball. Later on he moulded a button out of pewter; following this, he cut and carved in wood a beautiful rolling-pin, which is still treasured in his

brother's family. This course was pursued until he was sufficiently grown to help provide subsistence for the family, especially as it was necessary, since his father had been rendered a cripple by a fall. A neighbor of his father, Philip B. Winn, an architect by profession, gave young Hart access to his works on architecture and sculpture, the study of which stimulated his ambition to become a sculptor. Not being able to find lucrative employment in his own county, he went to Bourbon County in search of work. He was there employed in building stone fences and chimneys; his nights were spent in reading books which he borrowed from the farmers who employed him.

When he had reached his majority he left Bourbon County for Lexington, where he found employment in Pruden's marble-yard. This occupation was more after his taste, as it was a step to a higher work in art. His skill with the chisel and mallet was soon recognized by his employer, and in consequence he was assigned to the ornamentation of headstones and monuments. While thus engaged good fortune seemed to smile upon him, as he was thus afforded an opportunity for the first time of forming the acquaintance of a young sculptor, who was two years his junior. This person was Schobal Vail Clevenger, of Cincinnati, whose mission

to Lexington was to model a bust of the Honorable Henry Clay. The progress of this work Hart was permitted to witness, and so delighted was he with the performance that, with the encouragement given him by the visiting sculptor, he determined to undertake to model in clay a bust from life. He chose for his subject General Cassius M. Clay, who afterward became a courageous champion of human liberty. Mr. Clay, desiring to encourage this would-be sculptor, cheerfully consented to give him the necessary sittings.

This maiden effort of Hart was quite a success, as it elicited high and flattering criticisms from Oliver Frazer, the noted portrait painter, and his life-long friend, Mr. John S. Wilson, the Lexington druggist. It proved an epoch in the art circle of Lexington because of its novelty. Connoisseurs were made to realize that sculptors as well as painters could be produced in the Bluegrass region. Even the uncultivated in plastic art beheld this work with wonder and admiration, as they believed it to be a greater achievement to chisel the head and features in marble than to portray them on canvas, ignorant of the fact that greater skill is necessary in the painting of a face and figure, as it combines not only form and coloring, but lineal and aerial perspective. In sculpture, form,

proportion, and character are the only essential qualifications. This, however, is not a detraction from the merits of a sculptor, for he must not only observe form, but must give softness to the flesh and expression to the features. Hart fully appreciated this, as his first effort fully testifies. The bust of Clay displayed a high degree of excellence in art which is attained by others only after years of experience.

Desirous of perpetuating in marble the features of General Andrew Jackson, the hero of the Battle of New Orleans, he visited the Hermitage and obtained the consent of the General for the required sittings. This work so much pleased his sitter that he commissioned the sculptor to execute it in marble at a remunerative price. On returning to Lexington he modeled in clay a bust of Honorable John J. Crittenden; following this, one of Mr. Robert Wickliffe. His next work was that of Reverend Alexander Campbell, the great divine.

Impressed with the importance of seeing the works of older sculptors, he visited Philadelphia, then an art center of this country, taking with him the bust of General Cassius M. Clay. This he hoped to place on exhibition in the National Academy of Design, but, to his disappointment, he ascertained that it was too late for the annual exhibition. However, Mr. Sartain, the

HART'S STATUE OF HENRY CLAY.

publisher of Sartain's Magazine, obtained the consent of the managers of the exhibition to give it a place, as he considered it a very meritorious work. The publisher's representation of the merits of the bust the artists considered not overrated; they pronounced it a work that would not be discreditable to the best modern sculptors of that day. After remaining in Philadelphia a few weeks, he visited Washington City, New York, Baltimore, and Richmond, Virginia. After his return to Lexington, in a letter to his brother he mentions having "met a host of distinguished men and of having received attention enough to last him a lifetime." His reputation was now so extended that he gained easy access to the prominent men in art, literature, and politics. He visited President Polk, who showed him much kindness, and his acquaintance with President John Q. Adams, who was conversant with both literature and art, Hart often spoke of with pride.

While in Richmond he was commissioned by the admirers of Clay to produce a full-length statue of the Sage of Ashland. The stipulations were that he was to receive for the work five thousand dollars, to be paid in installments — five hundred dollars on demand, one thousand when he sailed for Italy, and the remainder when the work should be completed.

In order to facilitate his work and to secure the greatest accuracy, he employed a leading daguerreotypist of Cincinnati to daguerreotype Clay from every point of view; he made accurate measurements of his figure; in addition to this, he made casts of the face and different parts of the body. Provided with the material necessary, he began his model in clay, having the original to sit from day to day until the work was completed. After the completion of his model he made plaster moulds of the figure in sections. To better accomplish the work in marble, he felt it necessary to visit Italy, but was disappointed in starting on his journey as soon as he had hoped. It was not until September, 1849, that he set sail for the Old World. After visiting Rome and Florence he concluded to locate at the latter place, as he considered it to have superior advantages. On applying for his passports he was informed by Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State under President Taylor, that if he had called ten days sooner he would have been appointed Consul at Rome. This compliment, while he fully appreciated it, he would have, however, declined had it been offered him in time, as he did not consider Rome would have furnished him with the opportunity of executing his work equal to that of Florence. Then, besides, he wished to give his undivided attention to

his profession. While the frescoes in the Vatican and Sistine Chapel, by Raphael and Michael Angelo, gave Hart the keenest pleasure, it was with rapturous delight and astonishment that he beheld the works in marble of Michael Angelo. It was truly a revelation to him that his conception of perfection in sculpture fell short of the standard. This was much to his discomfiture, for his path up to this time had been comparatively smooth, but now it had become more rugged; therefore, would he not be compelled to redouble his energies to reach the point that the few who had lived in the several centuries before had scaled? Confidence in his power of application proved impervious to any discouragement. Then, too, he had about him the exhilaration of rivalry. He took with him letters of introduction to prominent persons in Italy, but on account of his innate diffidence he failed to present them. Among the letters was one from a Cincinnati friend to the head of the old and noble family of Torrejano, who was himself a gentleman of culture and refinement. Torrejano, having heard that Hart was in Florence pursuing his studies, promptly called on him and proffered his services. This newly-made friend, on learning that he was pecuniarily embarrassed on account of not receiving the expected remittance from home, voluntarily advanced him material aid,

Feeling the importance of a more thorough education in anatomy, which study he had begun in the Medical College of Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky, he thought that, before beginning the work which he came to execute, it would be well for him to further pursue this study. Therefore he went to London and spent fourteen months in the best medical college of that city. Before returning to Florence he visited Paris and carefully studied the old masters in the Louvre, and also the works of the modern painters. On his return to Florence he heard the sad news that the model of his statue of Clay, which he had so carefully packed for shipment, was lost at sea. He would have been in utter despair at this misfortune had it not been for the knowledge that there was still a duplicate at Lexington. This he at once ordered to be shipped to him, but a year elapsed before he received it.

In addition to this misfortune he had an attack of cholera, and, after recovering from this dreadful disease, he contracted typhoid fever. These maladies so depleted his vital energies that it was a long time before he regained his normal strength. In addition to his long illness, his exchequer was correspondingly reduced to the lowest ebb. This was due to the failure of the Virginia

society to send him the second installment of one thousand dollars. But for the orders obtained for busts he would have found it impossible to remain abroad. Among these orders was that of ex-President Fillmore.

During his long illness and prostration from its effects, his mind, however, had not been idle. It was busily employed on an invention which he hoped would facilitate the process of modeling the human form and thereby bring him large pecuniary returns by its sale. He wrote to his brother Thomas concerning this machine, in 1857, as follows: "The sculptor, Powers, and the rest of them in general, hate it like the devil, however friendly they would appear towards myself, because they see I can do three times as much work by its application as any one of them can do, and more perfectly; but the whole troupe in all this time have failed to break me down. Their influence was so strong, however, that during three years I got but one bust to make, and have not yet received a cent of the five hundred dollars I am to be paid for it." In further defense of the practical use of this ingenious invention in sculpture, it may be said that its propriety is as reasonable as the mechanical means used by many of the best painters in the outlining of the head and figure, in the duplication of a portrait painted by them-

selves or by other artists (this is done by means of transparent paper prepared for the purpose), or, when painting a head from life, to enlarge the features portrayed by a negative, when thrown upon canvas, to life-size by the use of the solar camera, and then traced by the artist. The sculptor or painter should not be denied all credit, as he has to give the life-like expression which the hand of genius only can accomplish. This invention was intended by its author principally to assist the artisan in duplicating in marble the modeling in clay by the sculptor — as the stone-cutter's work is purely mechanical — thereby securing, as Mr. Hart has stated, a more perfect copy, the sculptor only having to give to the cold marble the breath of life. In a subsequent letter to his brother he said that he "did not care for the money, but had his reward in the satisfaction of knowing that he had benefited humanity, in that he could copy the bust executed by the best of ancient sculptors with comparatively little labor, thereby putting it in the power of persons of moderate means to purchase it." His unselfish motive, which was so characteristic of him, was to disseminate a greater love for art. He claimed that with this instrument he could complete a bust in from three to six days. He devoted much time in having his invention copyrighted in Great

Britain and France and the other leading countries of Europe. On account of flattering notices in the London press he secured commissions for marble busts of ten of the most prominent citizens of London, for five hundred dollars each.

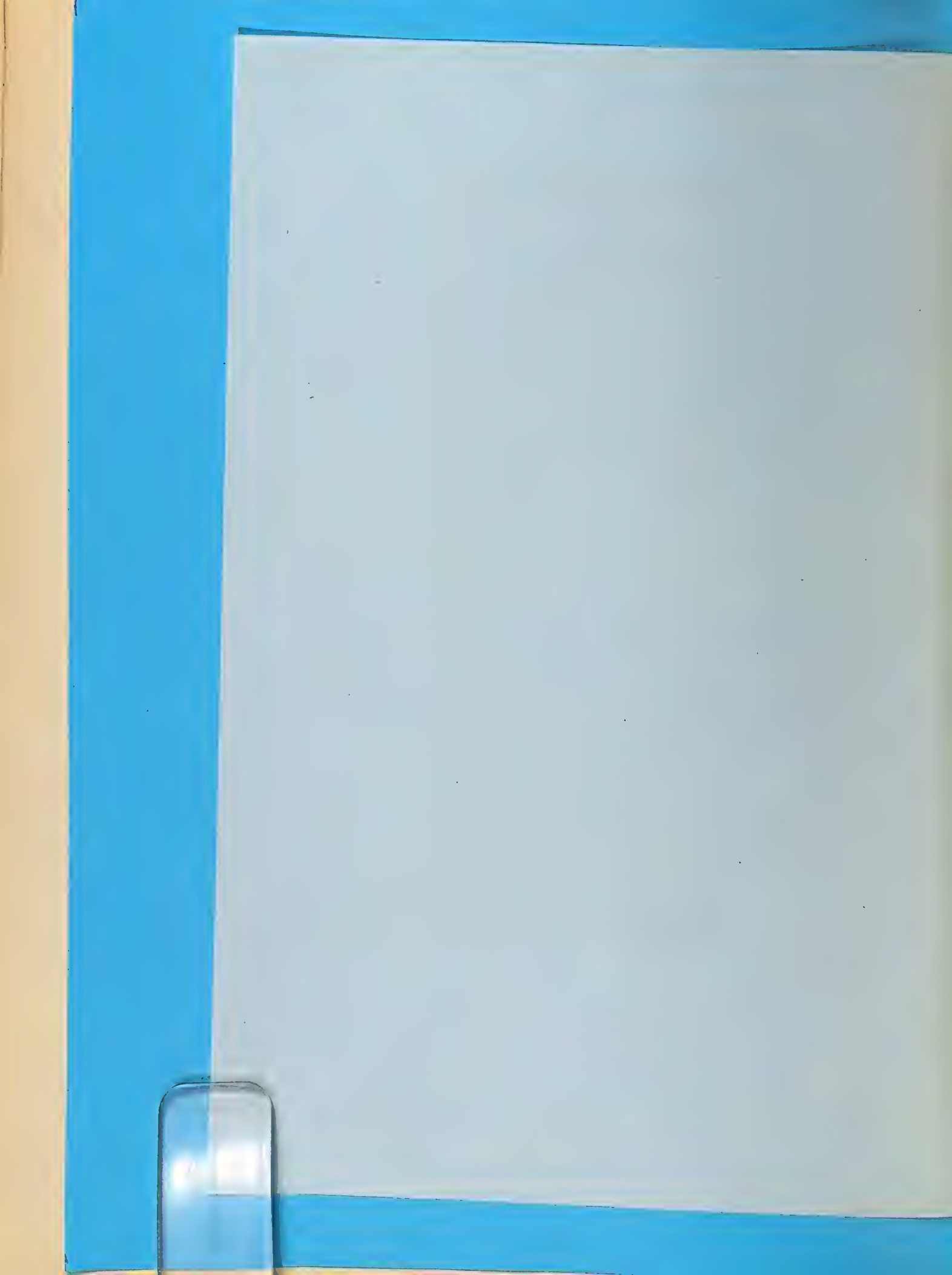
James Jaques Jarvis, of Boston, has written quite a readable book on "The Art Idea," in which he takes occasion to refer to this invention of Hart's and to say: "As a machine to reduce sculpture to an external accuracy of lines and dots this indeed may give the crust of mind, but feeling and thought depend upon the artist himself. No machine can compensate for their absence."

The statue of Clay which his friends authorized Hart to execute was not completed until the year 1859. It was then shipped to Richmond, and now stands under canopy in the Capitol grounds. It received high commendations from the artists and sculptors of this country and gave satisfaction to the friends of the great original, as it was his perfect counterpart. However, it was a target for the higher critics in art on account of its being represented in the dress of the modern age. The vestment should have been like that represented by the Greek and Roman sculptors of old. The critics had in mind the statues executed by Phidias, Praxiteles,

and Scopas, and the dress worn in their age. A departure from this, in their estimation, was a sacrilege. To have thus draped his statue would not have been satisfactory to the friends of the great Commoner, as they would not have been willing to sacrifice resemblance to classical excellence. A like condemnation is that of modern painters in representing biblical and historical events of ancient days. A striking example is that of Jacob meeting Rachel at the well, painted by Giorgione, and the Prodigal Son, executed by Du Buff. Each of the figures in these paintings is represented in modern dress. Such anachronism is a liberty that is inexcusable. Much more reprehensible was the artist who, in his painting of the Last Supper, represented a goblet filled with cigar-lighters placed next to the figure of the Apostle Peter.

Hart came to America to be present at the unveiling of the statue of Clay. The eight months that he remained in this country made him appreciate the more the friendship and admiration of his host of friends. Soon after his arrival at Lexington its citizens gave him a banquet at the old Broadway Hotel.

He had purposed to open a studio in New York City, but on receiving an order from Louisville for a statue of Clay he concluded to return to Florence to execute the



"WOMAN TRIUMPHANT."

Sculptured by Joel T. Hart.

work, for which he was to receive ten thousand dollars. After the completion of this mission he resolved to return and permanently remain in America. The friends and admirers of Clay, in New Orleans, not willing to be outdone in their appreciation and loyalty to Kentucky's great statesman, contracted with Mr. Hart for a copy of the statue.

The proceeds of the three statues placed the sculptor in comfortable circumstances, in so much as to enable him to embody in clay a conception which was the dream and ambition of thirty years or more. It was to represent woman triumphant — taking the American woman as the type of beauty, of intelligence, and of symmetry of form. His reputation in America and abroad in portraiture did not satisfy him. Conscious that he had not reached the highest niche of fame that had been attained by sculptors of previous ages, he realized that he must give full scope to his creative powers; but in beginning his work he was confronted at the very threshold with difficulties on account of not being able to secure a suitable model for his purpose.

Although there were not a few Trilbys in Florence, not one could he find who embodied his ideal of perfection of form. In consequence, he had to combine the best qualities from various models. The feet, as well as

the face and bust, he modeled after a Lexington woman prominent in society. The arms and hands were modeled after those of Miss Fannie Gilispie, of Midway, now Mrs. Robert Stout, of Versailles.

To better aid him in his work he made casts of the limbs and other portions of the body from several models. In a letter to Mr. Clay he thus describes his conception: "I gratified my passion in modeling a life-ideal virgin and child in a group — not a Christian virgin and child, however. The figures are nude — Beauty's Triumph. She being assailed by Cupid, rests her left foot on his exhausted quiver, and holds his last arrow in triumph, for which he pleads, tiptoeing, reaching after it. It gives the most graceful and finest possible attitude, both in the woman and the boy. The idea is modern and my own."

It is described by a Kentuckian who saw it at Florence in 1871 as "a group of two figures only — a perfect woman and a charming Cupid. Love, in the shape of Cupid, has assailed the fair one, has shot arrow after arrow, all of which are broken and have fallen at her feet. His quiver is exhausted, the last shaft has failed of the mark, and this splendid woman has caught the barbed arrow, and with her left hand has raised it above her head out of reach of the villainous little tempter, who struggles hopelessly on tiptoe to regain it. The compo-

sition tells its own story. Virtue is assailed, reason is brought to bear, and all attacks are harmless. It is indeed woman's triumph — the triumph of chastity."

The artist, like the bookmaker, does not decide on a title for his composition until the work is completed. To choose an appropriate and significant name is of no small importance. No one realized this more than did Mr. Hart. He first intended to entitle his great composition "The Triumph of Chastity," but on maturer thought he concluded to name it "Woman Triumphant." To have adopted the former would have called in question the purity of the motive of Cupid in his furious assault on his would-be victim. The sculptor knew full well that this incorrigible marksman, when he lets fly his arrow, never intends to inflict a poisonous wound. Thus naming it is a commentary on his own refined nature as well as a tribute to womanly virtue.

The art correspondent of the London Athenæum, at Florence, a paper of recognized authority in art matters, said in 1871 that he "considered it the finest work in existence, and that in 1868 he had begged Hart to finish it at once, but he would not; each year it grew more beautiful, and he now feared to urge its completion against the artist's better judgment." Other art correspondents of London journals years ago pronounced it

the work of modern times, and other writers all agree as to its perfection.

A friend, on seeing Hart taking from and adding to different parts of the figure, expressed surprise that he did not "let well enough alone," for to his less cultivated eye it appeared to be already perfect. He remonstrated with the sculptor for consuming so many years in the execution of this work, to which the artist characteristically responded: "Why, my friend, it takes God Almighty eighteen or twenty years to make a perfect woman; then why should you expect me to finish one in less time?"

An artist, as a means of diversion, is often engaged in other creations. Hart, for this reason, produced several ideal pieces entitled "Angelina" and "Il Penseroso." Another is a figure of a child examining a nosegay while she grasps with her other hand her apron filled with blossoms. These productions are very highly complimented by the press, both for their poetical sentiment and artistic execution.

The sweet and melodious notes he drew from his flute were a source of pleasure not only to himself but to others, although his manipulation of this musical instrument was less skillful than that shown in the handling of his modeling tools.

At a dinner given in Florence by the American residents in honor of William Cullen Bryant, Hart was one of the honored guests and read a poem, by request, which he had prepared for the occasion. The portion of the poem that is preserved is as follows:

> Shall I be mute while here my country's pride,
> Her youth, her beauty, and her manhood throng
> This treasure house, its portals opened wide,
> Where I and some proud names have toiled so long,
> And see to-day my country's sire of song
> Crowned with his snowy splendors — laurels won —
> Moulding the veteran's heart!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thrice welcome to these shores, great bard, who sang
> The song of "God's First Temples" with the fire
> Of Freedom — could her spirits list thy tongue
> Some rapt "Evangeline" would hush her choir
> And Alfieri throw around his lyre
> The starry flag, prophetic of his own,
> While, listening, Dante's spirit would aspire.

On the second day of March, 1877, he was called to lay down his chisel and mallet to return to the clay of which his own body, animated with the breath of life, was formed by the hand of the Great Creator. His body was laid to rest by loving friends in the beautiful city of Florence.

By indefatigable efforts Mr. Thomas G. Stuart, member of the legislature from Clark County in 1884, obtained an appropriation of twelve hundred dollars for the removal of the remains to Frankfort, Kentucky. On their arrival at Frankfort they were placed in the receiving vault in the beautiful and picturesque cemetery. Governor Knott appointed the eighth of June, 1887, for the interment of the remains. He requested Mr. Robert Burns Wilson, the distinguished poet and artist of Frankfort, and Honorable William M. Beckner, an eminent and representative citizen of Hart's native county, to deliver memorial addresses, and Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, the gifted poetess of Lexington, to prepare and read an appropriate poem on the occasion.

Cards were sent to the relatives and intimate friends of the dead artist as far as they were known or could be ascertained by the Governor, and a general invitation was issued to the people of Kentucky to be present.

F. W. Houston, of Bourbon; John S. Wilson, of Fayette; General C. M. Clay, of Madison; Honorable James Flanagan, of Clark; Lieutenant Governor James R. Hindman, of Adair; Honorable James A. McKenzie, of Christian; Colonel W. N. Haldeman, Daniel E. O'Sullivan, Nicola Marschall, Carl Brenner, and R. J. Menefee, of Jefferson; Colonel H. M. McCarty, of McCracken;

Doctor John D. Woods, of Warren; Professor J. O. Hodges, of Fayette; Chief Justice Pryor, Judge Lewis, Judge Holt, and Judge Bennett, of the Court of Appeals; Judge Bowden, Judge Ward, and Judge Barbour, of the Superior Court; Honorable Alvin Duvall, Honorable William Lindsay, General Scott Brown, General G. W. Lindsay, Judge P. U. Major, John L. Scott, Lawrence Tobin, Patrick McDonald, Colonel L. E. Harvie, Thomas Rodman, senior, Hiram Berry, Honorable W. P. D. Bush, Captain H. I. Todd, Honorable Thomas G. Stuart, and Honorable James F. Winn were appointed honorary pall-bearers, and the following programme arranged:

PROGRAMME.

Removal of Remains from Receiving Vault to Place of Interment,
Escorted by the Military.
Prayer by Reverend G. F. Bagby.
Music by Frankfort Choir, led by Professor Wayland Graham.
Address by Robert Burns Wilson.
Music.
Poem by Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffrey.
Music.
Address Upon the Life and Character of Joel T. Hart,
by Honorable W. M. Beckner.
Music.
Benediction by Professor Joseph Desha Pickett.

The programme was fully and imposingly carried out.

A stone chimney, built by Hart in his junior years, yet stands in Bourbon County as a monument to his mechanical skill. Proud of his work and wishing that future generations might give him credit as a master workman, he carved his name at its base. As a fit companion-piece the State of Kentucky should erect, at a near future, a monument of solid granite in testimony of the higher achievements in art, and in large letters, not at the base but high up on the shaft, inscribe the name of Joel T. Hart.

Hart's genius was not confined to modeling in clay. So ambitious was he to attain a reputation as a poet that, in his will, he expressed a desire that what he had written in verse should be compiled and published in book form. His literary compositions were placed, after his death, in the hands of Mr. H. C. Pindell, of Louisville, Kentucky, who died before the work was accomplished, and the manuscripts are still in the possession of his widow. The Polytechnic Society, of this city, has in its possession one of his machines for reducing marble into shape, a bundle of his manuscripts, and the models of his President Jackson, Alexander Campbell, and "The Morning Glory."

While Hart himself had no preceptor in sculpture, he was ever willing to give instruction to all novices

who might apply to him, particularly if they manifested unusual talent.

His contemporary, Mr. Hiram Powers, said of him: "Hart is the best bust-maker in the world at his time." In his ideal production no less can be said of him. In originality of expression he was never surpassed. The beauty, intelligence, and purity portrayed in his female faces are unequaled, while even Hiram Powers' "Greek Slave," of the highest type of female beauty and symmetry of woman's form, is lacking in motive, therefore does not appeal to the sympathies of the beholder. The manacles which clasp the wrist are more expressive than the countenance. Then, her apparent indifference to her nudity, when the cynosure of all eyes, is unnatural. This criticism can not justly be made of Hart's great work, "Woman Triumphant," as her toying with Cupid is supposed not to be witnessed by spectators. Venus de Medici and Venus of Milo express the innate modesty peculiar to the pure and refined woman, as it is shown in the former by the graceful but deprecative position of her hands; in the latter by extending the right hand as if in the effort to adjust her displaced garments.

It is stated that an old countryman, with his wife and two grown daughters, made a visit to Cincinnati,

and while there was advised by the landlord of his hotel to see the "Greek Slave," then on exhibition, before leaving for home. Hence, early next morning they repaired to the building containing the wonderful creation in marble. The "Slave" stood where the reflection of the morning sun apparently transformed it, for the time, into living flesh, and the venerable farmer, on reaching the entrance in advance of his family, catching sight of it through the door, which stood ajar, hastily turning to his family exclaimed with uplifted hand: "Go back! we've come too early, for she ain't dressed yet."

In justice to Powers, in the representation of the "Greek Slave," it may be said that failure in giving expression to the face was no more a fault than is seen in the works of the ancient sculptors. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his lecture on sculpture delivered to the members of the Royal Academy, on this point made the following observation: "The face bears so very inconsiderable a proportion to the effect of the whole figure that the ancient sculptors neglected to animate the features even with the general expression of the passions. Of this, the group of 'The Boxers' is a remarkable instance. They are engaged in the most animated action with the greatest serenity of counte-

nance. I suspect it will be found, on close examination by him who is resolved not to see more than he really does see, that the figures are distinguished by their insignia more than by any variety of form or beauty. Take from Apollo his lyre, from Bacchus his thirsus and vine leaves, and from Meleager the boar's head, and there will remain little or no difference in their characters. In a Juno, Minerva, or Flora the idea of the artist seems to have gone no further than representing perfect beauty and afterward adding the proper attributes, with a total indifference to which they gave them." As an exception to this general practice Mr. Reynolds should have mentioned the "Laocoon," for, in the admirable group of the father and the two sons, the agony is shown in the countenance as well as the contortions of the bodies caused by the embrace and fangs of the serpentine monster.

Mr. Hart was a great reader, preferring the classics to modern fiction. A fine memory gave him ready command of the material stored away in his mind, and with great fluency he drew to him the cultured and those versed in both ancient and modern literature. He was not less attractive to children, and delighted to entertain them with recitals from Mother Goose.

Though an independent thinker, his views on any subject he would not press if contrary to the convictions of others. In religion he was an Universalist; in politics, a Jacksonian Democrat.

He was a typical Kentucky gentleman who bore himself with singular grace and dignity — his height being six feet and his weight a hundred and seventy-five pounds. His countenance showed strength of character; his features were clear cut, and beneath a broad and projecting brow shone a pair of dark, piercing eyes.

He lived and died a bachelor. That he did not marry, when woman was his inspiration and her presence a delight, was not because his responsive chords were wholly inflexible, for, if rumor is to be credited, he received in his early manhood a well-directed shot from the wily and matchless marksman whom he so delighted to portray in marble.

In a word, he fell a victim to the charms of a Lexington beauty. The following account of this infatuation was written by Miss Mary M. Thixton, and appeared in the Courier-Journal, over her initials, May 24, 1896:

THE ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF KENTUCKY'S GREAT SCULPTOR.

Death of Mrs. Joseph R. Smith Recalls His Only Love—The Story of Her Connection with His Masterpiece, "The Triumph of Chastity."

The death of Mrs. Joseph R. Smith, of Birmingham, Alabama, a few weeks ago, has recalled the romance in the life of Kentucky's great sculptor, Joel T. Hart. About ten years ago, when the "Triumph of Chastity" was brought to Kentucky through the endeavors of patriotic Lexington women, many stories were published that invested considerable romantic interest about the sculptor and his great lifework. The writer met Mrs. Joseph R. Smith, who was none other than the much-talked-of Mary Smithers, of Lexington, Kentucky, during a visit several years ago at her home, called Smithfield, one of the handsome suburban residences of Birmingham. In conversation reference was made to Joel T. Hart and his "Triumph of Chastity," and the report that she had been the sculptor's inspiration. She flushed up at once and replied:

"A great injustice was done me. In one article I was charged with infidelity and with being too mercenary to fulfill my promises to become his wife. The truth is I was never engaged to be married to Mr. Hart. I was aware that he loved me, but so far as there ever having been any pledges of love or that I was ever betrothed to him, the statement is altogether unfounded, as I can prove to you by showing you some of Mr. Hart's letters."

There the matter dropped; the writer returned home without being able to see the original correspondence, until last week,

on another visit to Birmingham, Doctor Joseph R. Smith, her huband, redeemed his wife's promise to furnish any information for the readers of the Courier-Journal that might vindicate her. Doctor Joseph R. Smith, it may be remarked, is among the most wealthy and courtly old gentlemen in the South. He is a native of Bessemer, a few miles from Birmingham, and was born in 1818. In 1854 he removed to Smithfield, his present home. Doctor Smith did not marry his late wife until 1876, although he met her in 1838, while a medical student in Lexington, Kentucky. After returning to his Southern home he married another. After her death his heart reverted to his former Lexington sweetheart, and on inquiry he found her to be a widow, living in Missouri. He at once opened up correspondence with her, which culminated in their marriage in 1876. Doctor Smith's first wife left him with nine children, and so lovely in disposition was his second wife that they worshiped her.

Doctor Smith's eyes moistened with tears as he pointed to her grave in the Elyton Cemetery, near the railroad that passes his door. Flowers, which were her passion, were blooming over the mound. "I buried her there," he remarked, "because I can see her grave and recall the loveliness of her character." Doctor Smith remembers Birmingham when all over its now busy precincts was a cotton-field. "It was only a few years since the tall hills surrounding, called the fashionable South Highlands," he said, "were unclaimed lands that belonged to the Government."

After arriving at his home, Doctor Smith took out an old box in which his wife held her dearest heart treasures. Within were letters of Joel T. Hart, the picture of her first husband, Doctor Kilpatrick, and the letters of Doctor Smith.

Brushing aside a tear, he said: "This contains all her treasures. Some of the letters I have never read myself. This

picture of Doctor Kilpatrick recalls her first love. My wife was beautiful in form and character as a young woman, and few men could know her and not love her. Her life seemed to be full of romance. When she was only sixteen she fell in love with Doctor Kilpatrick, who was attending college at Lexington in 1836. They passed one another on the streets and fell in love at first sight. He sought out an introduction, and their acquaintance resulted in an engagement of marriage. The parents of Mary Smithers opposed the match and forbade the young man to come to the house. Before his departure for his home in Missouri, mutual friends gave a party, at which both were present. Her parents, hearing that their daughter would meet Doctor Kilpatrick at the party, drove up to the house to take her home. She was very greatly embarrassed, but to save her from publicity Doctor Kilpatrick escaped with her through the back door and conveyed her home. After his return home, his letters were intercepted and the two drifted apart. He was married to another, who lived only two years. Mary went out to Missouri to visit relatives, when Doctor Kilpatrick by chance learned that she was not far from him. He at once sought her out, and they were married within a few months."

It was during these years that Joel T. Hart became deeply attached to her. In reading over his letters there is nothing to indicate that his affection was reciprocated, as she had already given her heart to Doctor Kilpatrick. Several of his letters are written in verse, a talent in which the sculptor placed more pride than in the art which won his fame. The following is an acrostic addressed to Mary:

Mary, dear Mary, thine emblem behold,
Aurora's sweet blushes, midst gems of the sky,
Refulgent ascending on chariot of gold,
Youth lighting her cheek and heaven her eye.

So may thy pure spirit to glory arise,
Mount, like Aurora, till its genial ray
In triumph returns to its home in the sky,
To bask a bright seraph in splendor of day.
Hither to greet thee, with starry crown'd head,
Each friend of thy love and with angels to soar,
Rolling, when the spheres with their music have fled,
Sweet anthems, when sorrow and parting's no more.

There is a very interesting letter written on the same sheet as one addressed to Mrs. Susan Hubbard. The latter was a sister to Mary, and it bears the date of June 22, 1848, Lexington, Kentucky. Mr. Hart gives quite a vivid account of the home life of Mary's family, and judging from it he was an intimate friend who came and went as one of the household. He apologized to her for writing on a sheet of paper that had the names of his two friends in the corner, but it was the only piece of writing paper left. The friends had written their names there. One of them was George P. Jouett. The other name was that of M. Ponder, whom Hart pronounced the best stone-cutter he ever knew. Mary's mother had married a second time, and at that writing was Mrs. Gibbons. A step-brother, Judge Zack Gibbons, now resides in Lexington, and a brother, Mr. John Smithers, lives in St. Louis, as does her only child, Mr. Claude Kilpatrick.

Another letter was written her from White Sulphur Springs, in 1845. In it Hart speaks of his going abroad, as the women of Richmond, Virginia, had subscribed about five thousand dollars toward a bust of Henry Clay, and had selected him to make it. It was in 1848 that arrangements were perfected for his

going abroad. It was then that the mutual renunciation or abandonment of marriage between himself and Mary forced itself, because of his uncertain destiny. Among the faded letters was the following, which shows that the separation between them was a hard one, at least for him :

Adieu, dear Mary, once adieu,
My destined hour to part has come
From those I love, my favorite few,
My country and my home.

As fortune's cold and stern decree
Forbids me bow at virtue's shrine,
To bow with bended knee,
So were this bosom worthy thine.

Be then some gallant breast thy guide
Which all thy virtues may approve,
For thine are worth such hero's pride
And worthy of his love.

A nobler offering this will be
Than one can give destined to roam,
Whose dwelling lies beyond the sea,
Perhaps the waves his home.

Yet, Mary, wilt thou breathe a prayer,
And often greet my tender lay,
That we may see each other there
When I am far away.

I'll think of thee, though mountains rise,
And oceans wild between us roll;
I'll steal thine image from the skies,
And stamp it in my soul.

While hope shall light me over the main,
Where'er I rove, whate'er pursue,
And fondly whisper: "Meet again,"
Once more, sweet maid, adieu.

J. T. H.

Lexington, November 11, 1848.

SUPPLEMENT WILL OF LATE JOEL T. HART.

That part of the will which provides for the completion of the statue has been published. The fourth section is as follows:

I devise and bequeath to my personal friend, Henry C. Pindell, of Louisville, Kentucky, all my letters received from distinguished men, to be used if desired in a sketch of my life, together with all my manuscript poems, fables, and maxims in my studio. I also devise and bequeath to said Henry C. Pindell one of the two original plaster copies of my ideal group above mentioned, called "Woman Triumphant," but as there is a slight difference of treatment in these two original plaster copies, the one bequeathed to said Henry C. Pindell may be called No. 1 to distinguish it from No. 2, the difference of treatment being that in No. 1 the arm of Cupid is raised and in No. 2 the arm is down. I also devise and bequeath to him one copy in plaster of my ideal bust, and one in plaster of the "Morning Glory." These copies are to be reproduced as he may direct in marble, and sold by him to pay for printing and publishing one volume of my best poems from the manuscript heretofore mentioned as being in my studio, and be dedicated to my especial personal friend, Henry C. Pindell, of Louisville, Kentucky, by the author, Joel T. Hart, ... I also intrust to his charge my portrait-measuring inventions from the life, having two hundred steel needles, to be placed in some museum in the United States of America, where and when he may think proper, and also its tall iron column used in "pointing" my group

with its two tripods, when the one or two groups mentioned in clause marked "first" shall have been completed. I further devise that my marble bust pointing invention, with its two cast iron plates, ebony marble shaft and two metal arms with quadrants and two needles each, be placed with the above named instrument with letters patent proving them to be my inventions, that they may be there preserved, and, if desired, to be copied free for the use of all sculptors, who desire higher perfection and greater speed. In case the said Henry C. Pindell should not accept the above bequests, then I devise that the name of R. J. Menefee, of Louisville, Kentucky, be substituted for that of said Henry C. Pindell.

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